

Æ S O P

Improved

OR,

Above three hundred and fifty

F A B L E S.

MOSTLY

Æ S O P'S.

With their MORALS, Paraphrased  
in *English* VERSE.

Amounting to about one hundred and  
fifty more than do appear to have been so  
rendered by any other Hand.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for *Tho. Parkhurst* at the Bible and three  
*Crowns* in *Cheapside* near to *Mercers-Chap-*  
*pel*, and at the Bible on *London-Bridge*  
under the Gate. 1673.

ESTOP

improved

ON

Above three hundred and fifty

FABLES

MORAL

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With their MORALS, Paraphrased  
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LONDON

Printed for J. Parkhurst at the Bible and  
in the Church Lane near to St. Martin's Church  
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THE  
PREFACE  
TO THE  
READER.

**I**s commonly acknowledged by learned men, that Æsops Fables, or the Book so called, is one of the wisest, as well as pleasantest moral books of its bigness, in the world. [It was so generally read in old time as that it became a Proverb when they would say such a one was a very Idiot, or Ignoramus, to say to him ΟΥΔΕ ΤΟΝ ΑΙΣΩΠΟΥ ΚΙΝΗΤΩΝ, that is, thou hast not yet read Æsop. That it is commonly read in Grammar Schools ought to be taken for no discouragement to it, seeing the like may be said of Tallic's Offices, a book of so profound wisdom, that a famous Privy Counsellor so Q. Elizabeth is said to have always carried it about him. Men, and children, may read the same book, but for different ends and purposes. Men may read these books for their Profundity which Children read for their pleasantness. Or men may read the same books for their Solidity wisdom, and Judgment, which is in them, while children

## To the Reader.

at length merely for their fancy, stile, and language. [Doubt-  
 less the famous Oglesby had never provided so elaborate a  
 Translation for but one hundred and twenty Fables, or  
 aboutness, or found encouragement to print but such a num-  
 ber in two volumes, with excellent Sculptures at a very great  
 charge, and price, if notwithstanding the seeming profanation  
 of that book to the use of children, it had not had a very  
 great esteem, amongst the wiser sort of mankind. [I am bold  
 to say it is not beneath the wisest and best man in the world to  
 read Æsop's Fables. Else why are they frequently quoted by  
 one of the greatest Oracles for Learning, and wisdom, that  
 ever England, if not the world, had, viz. the Lord Venulam,  
 in his Essayes, and other of his excellent writings? [More-  
 over I could give instance of several Fables which, as their  
 own Morals do construe them, are of a very  
 Ex Gr. Fab. pious, and religious import, (as almost all  
 194. and Fab. the rest are very grave prudent, and sober,) and  
 338: whence it was that I have presumed to say it  
 would not misbecome, or dishonour the best, as well as the  
 wisest man in the world to read what Æsop has written.

It has been said that though a person by the name of Æsop,  
 was doubtless the Author of some of those Fables which go  
 by his name, yet that the book which we call Æsop's Fable-  
 (though they were not all his) is a kind of System or Pan-  
 dect of the choicest Observations of several Ages, delivered to  
 the world by way of Fables.

Certainly Æsop's Fables is a book not only to be read, and  
 contemplated but to be followed and practis'd; and may  
 serve to guide and govern our civil, domestical, and political  
 affairs, (in many cases) as the Mariners compass doth di-  
 rect his Steerage, and conduct his voyage.

Give me leave to say that a due observation of some few  
 Fables in this little book, I mean a due compliance with the  
 wise directions therein given, had preserved divers individua-  
 al

## To the Reader.

at persons, and not only persons but Families, not only Families but Kingdoms, and nations, from those causes which have proved to be their ruine.

Socrates that great Morall Philosopher (who in the judgement of Apollo was the wisest man on earth) him a little before his death, translated one or more of Æsops Fables into Greek verse.

All which things consider'd no mans Profession can be too grave, solemn or sacred to permit him the reading, translating, or improving of Æsops Fables. Yet I my self, I think, should hardly have done it, had I not been constrained to convert my self for some time with the education of youth, and thereby invited to it, both for their advantage, and my own diversion. [ True it is that Mr. Oglesby hath help'd the world by a Translation of some part of Æsops Fables, which is incomparably good; for such as can reach the sense and price of it, but certainly to understand so lofty a Poem as that is, requires a better capacity, and more skill in Poetical phrases, and Fictions, than the generality of those who are willing to read Æsop's Fables are endowed with. And doubtless the price of his two excellent Folios upon Æsop, doth as much exceed most mens purses, as the Style and language thereof doth their capacities. [ Moreover there are not above one hundred and thirty two Fables of that excellent Translation, whereas the book which is now in thy hand containeth about three hundred and fifty.

I have turned the same number of Fables into Latine Hexameter and Pentameter. If that version by a tollerable acceptance of this shall receive encouragement to come forth into the world, I purpose that the numbers of both of them shall mutually answer each to other, that with so much ease and expedition they may be read together by such as shall desire it.

The Advantages which I have aim'd at in turning Æsops Fables into verse are first to fix the contents thereof more indelibly

## To the Reader.

delibly upon the minds, and memories of such as shall read them, common experience shewing us that it is easier for some (to be sure for children) to remember Metre, than Prose: For that reason I suppose it was that Lilly, and several other Grammarians have put divers of their Rules into Verse. Secondly, To insinuate the excellent sense and grave counsels therein contain'd into the minds of old and young with more delight and pleasure.

As for the Morals of each Fable I have generally kept to those which are annex'd to the Fables in Latine (as seeming to be most authentick) but where I found any moral (as I thought) short and defective, I have taken the liberty to add to it; where dark and obscure, I have laboured to explain it, and where I found the same Morals repeated over and over, I have presented thee with some variety, which I hope may render the work more profitable, than it would otherwise have been, as the putting of it into metre with some little admixture of humour and fancy, (at leastwise attempted) was designed to render it more pleasant. [ This is generally printed more correctly, as other English books are, but here and there a fault has escap'd the press which hath perverted the sense, and is such as I am heartily ashamed of, for which the best excuse I could make thee was to put such mistakes into a Table of Errata where thou mayst see them corrected. ] I hope a small Apology may serve for having brought in Æsop at several turns speaking like one of us, or according to the English mode and dialect, or using Expressions and Allusions much more novel and modern, than was the time he liv'd in; for why should that be more a Solecism than to make him speak English? (which was never his language) or by what means could we cause his drift and scope to be better understood by English men? (who best apprehend and are most pleased with their own Idioms) moreover I think our so doing is very justifiable by the Figure Prosopoeia which is greatly usual amongst

## To the Reader.

Enough these whose way of writing is any thing towards  
Baroque.

I have heard of a master, who told one that was his Scholar, that he would never be able sufficiently to requite him for that he first taught him to know the worth of Horace. I am bold to say he that shall bring any person to know the worth of *Aesop's Fables* so as to make the best use that may be made thereof, shall by that oblige and serve him altogether as much, as he did his pupil who brought him in love with Horace. For he that shall steer his course by the wise directions given in *Aesop's Fables*, will be thought by them that know him, to be as prudent, as *Aesop* himself was wise and witty. Reader it is at thy choice in what language (of those thou understandest) thou wilt read *Aesop* (for I think he is in most) or whether thou wilt read him in Verse, or in Prose, and if in verse, whether in this Translation, or in another (only 150 of these Fables I think thou canst not find translated into English metre, any where else) but our way or other thou should'st read *Aesop* over and over, if I were worthy to advise thee: Let thy Sex, Capacity, Quality, (I was about to add profession, or Age) be what it will be, and be guided by him as an Oracle in many cases, which being done, I have little doubt, but *Aesop* may leave thee both wiser and better than he found thee.

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**H**AVING perused this Version of *Aesop's Fables* in English Verse, We think it very worthy the Reading of all sorts of Persons, and therefore of Publick View,

*Tho. Singleton.*  
*Tho. Houghton, Master of*  
*the Haberdashers Free*  
*School on Bunnill.*

To the Reader

A Table of the principal Errata.

Good Reader,

Be pleas'd not to censure any thing in this book, which thou do'st stumble at, till thou hast consulted the Table of Errata, and be so just, as not to charge any thing upon the Authour which is corrected in this Table.

**P**age 5. line 1. Jeng-ears, read Long-ears. Fab. 8. l. 2. r. At him he laugh't and jeer'd most scornfully. Fab. 9. have you those, r. these? Fab. 14. Mor. fools, r. folks. Fab. 23. hair-brain'd, r. hare-brain'd. Fab. 27. as that the fox, r. At that the Fox. Fab. 29. mubled, r. mibled. Fab. 30. Lovers, r. Louvres. Fab. 31. 'Tis not, r. 'Tis not. Fab. 35. That to surprize a Fox, r. a Wolf. Fab. 38. their dogs, r. your dogs. Fab. 45. poor harts, r. poor nags. Fab. 46. believe her, r. believe him. Fab. 55. He said, r. one cry'd. Fab. 68. the bruit, r. the brute. Fab. 77. And o expect, r. and to expect. Fab. 87. An Eagle hires, put a comma there. Fab. 106. l. 7. r. All a well as yet, said she, but when by some. Fab. 123. They heap, r. They keep. Fab. 123. Ere mine, r. Er mine. Fab. 128. from forsaking, r. sursetting. Fab. 138. marriners, r. mariners. *ibid.* Elab, r. *Elab.* *ibid.* Mor. r. Orpens be. Fab. 141. scrobbed, r. scrubbed. prichy, r. prickly. but but, *del* one but. Fab. 142. Wigeon, r. Widgeon. Fab. 43. l. 4. *alt.* r. The swallow, (though such news were nor his match,) Fab. 148. All the Dogs (put in) at me. Fab. 150. In days of yer, r. yore. Fab. 151. Down goes, r. Down go. Fab. 173. l. *alt.* r. masters. Fab. 181. Thee to beg silver, r. shillings. Fab. 181. Mor. stringy, r. stingy. Fab. 203. in, r. near the Dog-days. Fab. 205. l. 2. humble, r. tumble. Fab. 201. l. 2. r. glad. Fab. 3. *lib.* 2. r. of the Cock and the Partridges. Fab. 4. *lib.* 2. of the dog, r. of the bag that was found. Fab. 18. *lib.* 2. have brutes, r. have leave. Fab. 30. *lib.* 2. Mor. puts, r. do put. r. 161. *lib.* 2. wived. Fab. 36. *lib.* 2. l. 4. mother, r. father. Fab. 41. *lib.* 2. Mor. any, r. many.

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(1)  
**ÆSOP'S Fables.**

**FAB. I.**

*Of the Cock.*

**A** Dunghil-raking Cock a Jewel found,  
Wist with a barley corn his labour crown'd  
Rather than orient gem, and would exchange  
Jewels for barley, that was not so strange:  
But Coxcomb as he was, it might have born  
Not a grain, but a Granary full of corn.

*Mor.*

If by base spirits things be valued,  
They'l part with Gems, take a grain in their stead.  
For their simplicity I have this pique  
At them, let them exchange for what they like.  
The world's a Dunghil, be a dunghil-cock,  
Who're prefers a morsel to a stock.  
A precious pearl's a stock, who can't espie  
Its worth, has, or deserves, one in his eye.

**FAB. 2.**

*Of the Wolf and the Lamb.*

**A** Thirsty Wolf drank at the Fountain head,  
A Lamb beneath, who the fierce wolf did dread.  
Then came the Wolf, and chid the Lamb, for why  
He was resolv'd he, right or wrong, should die,  
May't please you Sir, said th' Lamb, I drank below,  
From whence no harm could to your worship flow.

**B**

**Nay**

Nay said the Wolf thou muddy didst the water,  
Of Sire and Dam that hate me thou'rt the daughter.  
All the Lambs meet apologies he scorns,  
What if the Woolf will say th' Lambs ears are horns?

Mor.

*When small folks to undoe 'tis great ones mind,  
With a wet finger they pretences find.*

F A B. 3.

*Of the Mouse and the Frog.*



**A** Mouse and Frog about the Fens contend,  
By dint of spear will bring it to an end.  
Each for a spear betakes him to a rush,  
They'll fight it out, and no more beat the bush.  
But whilst these mighty warriors struggling were  
In midst of battel over head and ear,  
The Kite, as Lord of 'h manner, in those days  
Did seize them both for his, as waifs and strays.

Mor.

*Is often happens when two disagree  
In comes a third, and both his Vassals be.*

F A B. 4.

*Of the Dog and the Shadow.*

**A** Dog with flesh in's mouth a pond swam o're,  
Yet his mouth was not stopt, for he crav'd more.  
His mouth did water at an empty shade,  
Which the Sun shining on the river made:  
(Like cloud for *Juno*) whilst he searcht about  
For that, the flesh within his jaws dropt out.  
'Twixt cup and lip they say some things are lost,  
Nay what's betwixt out lips w' have but almost.

This



This for my greediness did me befall,  
Said he, who wish't for to have more than all.

*Mor.*

*They who have Substance and Court shadows too, /  
Coveting both, doe oft themselves undo.  
He that would cure a dog-like appetite,  
Can't satiate, but must destroy it quite.*

*F A B. 5.*

*Of the Lyon and some other Beasts.*

**T**He King of beasts with some of's subjects went  
A hunting, promis'd, what he never meant,  
They should have equal shares of what he took  
By Gavell-kind, he for no more would look.  
They took a Stag, dividing bred division,  
They would have part, but he the whole provision;  
I'll have one fourth, said he, as I am best:  
A second fourth because I am strongest:  
A third, because I took the greatest pain:  
And a fourth quarter friendship to maintain.

*Mor.*

*Who hunts with Lyon, boney eats with Bear,  
Will be made know that they his betters are;  
To dwell with thy Superiour's Capital,  
Equals will share, but Betters will have all.*

*F A B. 6.*

*Of the Wolf and the Crane.*

**A** Wolf devour'd a Lamb, but make no bones  
Of him he could not, for he made sad moanes  
A bone stuck in his throat, did howl, and cry,  
The other beasts laugh'd at his misery.

For why, for him their flocks men could not keep,  
 For he lov'd mutton, and would run at sheep;  
 The Crane alone, with long neck, wit as short,  
 Pittied the Wolf, seeing him all amorr,  
 Put his neck in his throat, cran'd up the bone,  
 For which some wisht it had stick in his own;  
 That done, the Crane looks for a recompence:  
 To expect more, said th' wolf, there is no sense;  
 I spar'd thy neck which I might have bit off,  
 More fool the Crane to put it in his trough.

Mor.

Ungrateful mountain midwife, and a misse,  
 Is thy reward, Sur beggars have a losse  
 Save some men, and if they destroy thee not,  
 They think't a kindness we're to be forgot.

F A B. 7:

*Of the Countrey man and the Snake.*

**A** Countrey man took pittie on a snake  
 Was almost froze to death, him home did take  
 And laid him by the fire, he felt the heat  
 So much at last it forc't him to retreat.  
 And then in heat of passion too was he,  
 Pluckt out his sting, as who reveng'd would be,  
 And at his Landlord did begin to hiss  
 (As fill'd with scorn) deserv'd it not I wis.  
 Staid he, when thou wert almost dead alas  
 I kee'd thee not, thou wert like snake ith' grass.  
 But now thou'rt come toth' self thou mak'st me say  
 Woe's me that did a snake in bosome lay.

Mor.

Although the proverb would have folks more wise,  
 Some bring up birds to pluck out their own eyes.

F A B.

(5)  
FAB. 8.

*Of the Boor and Ass.*

**W**Hether long-ears the Boors great tusks did spy,  
He laught to scorn that Duke of Tuscany;  
E'ne laugh thy fill, the Boor reply'd, alas,  
I scorn to touch thee, cause thou art an ass.

*or Mor.*

*Women may talk some bester (I alledge)  
May steal a horse than some look o're the hedge.*

FAB. 9.

*Of the City mouse and Countrey mouse.*

**T**He Countrey-mouse the City-mouse invited,  
Which came to take the air, his fare he slighted  
Though he provided of the very best,  
His guest was proud (that was the cream of a yst.)  
Thou honest Boor, said he, when thou to London  
Com'st, thou must visit me, or I am undone,  
See City chear, how tables there are spread:  
He came, but heard a noise which he did dread  
In the Key-hole, have you these, now and then  
Said he, if so, were I at home agen.  
Rather than fear'd I'de be with noise like these,  
I'de always live like a mouse in a cheese.

*Mor.*

*Poor Countrey folks have this great happinesse,  
Though they fare worse, they commonly fear lesse  
Than Citizens who do abound in wealth,  
Never secure lest it should be lost by stealth,  
Or otherwise; whereas at thieves they use  
To laugh, who know that they have nought to loose.*

No wisar in their Key-holes use to be,  
 Well known to have a Guard of Poverty.  
 Entrapelus, with Riches load would be  
 His foes, that they might not light-hearted be,  
 Nor whistle, like the Cabler in his stall,  
 That ne could do it, when he had left his all  
 Translated to a rich man, then his nature  
 Most merry was, when he a poor translatour.

F A B. 10.

*Of the Eagle and Jack-daw.*

**T**He King of birds had got a nut to crack  
 To get its Kernel, he both teeth did lack  
 And skill, I mean, a fish, he could not tell  
 How to come at, 'twas shut up in a shell.  
 Jack-daw made bold to offer his advice,  
 That he to a high Tower would take his rise,  
 And throw it down from thence, it then would break:  
 Watching its downfall, he did stand and peak.  
 He took his counsel, and did throw it down,  
 The Jack-daw snatcht it up being a clown  
 And a Rook too; who studied to inveagle  
 His Sovereign Lord and King, by name Mounteagle.  
 The Eagle said, I'de wont good light to have,  
 Now bleis my eyes as I do spy a knave;  
 A due mistrustful foresight I did lack  
 Who would have thought Jack-daw so arch a crack?

Mor.

Laymen take warning by this cheating Elfe,  
 Let be that counsel gives, aim at himself.

F A B.

F A B. 11.

*Of the Raven and the Fox.*

**A** Raven, that had got a goodly prey,  
 A Fox came to, gave him the time of day,  
 Saluted him with many a good morrow,  
 For Fame's abusing him exprest much sorrow:  
 Fame saith thou'rt black saith he, I say thou'rt white  
 As Swans, or Snow, more like to day than night.  
 If you can sing as well as you are fair,  
 Then you have two endowments choice, and rare.  
 At this did th' Raven strut like Crow in Gutter,  
 And his melodious notes began to utter.  
 The Proverb, black and proud, did verifie,  
 As proud as black, as black as proud was he.  
 That done, his meat did soon forsake his mouth,  
 At which he soon became sad, and uncouth.  
 That I a Raven such an As should be,  
 He said, to let a Fox crow over me!

Mor.

*Thus flatterers are wont to speak us fair  
 When their intentions to beguile us are.  
 Fox-lungs consum'd the Raven, a presumption  
 Though't be Fox-lungs are good for a Consumption.*

F A B. 12.

*Of the Lyon that was past his strength for Age.*

**T**He Lyon, who when young no creature fears,  
 When old, had all the beasts about his ears:  
 Boar with his tusks, and with his horns the Bull,  
 The silly As too kickt his belly full:

Calling to mind how cruel he had been  
To some of them, 'tis just faith he, I mean  
From some of those, and but Retaliation  
They whom I next should give me this vexation :  
But that which greatly doth perplex my mind,  
Is, their unkindness to whom I was kind.

Mor.

Nor friends, nor foes we ought to multiply  
Without cause, or without necessity.  
This always ought for to be understood,  
True foes will do us hurt, false friends no good.

F A B. 13.

Of the Dog, and the Ass.

**T**He silly Ass harpt much on that sad string ;  
Fawning Dog was made of, like any thing,  
By master, and by servants, both, though he  
Idle as any Dog had wont to be :  
But the poor Ass was laded with Pack-saddles,  
And made to carry all their Fiddle-saddles.  
Thinks he, if fawning be so good a trade,  
I'll take it up my self, and I am made.  
His Ass-ship did, at his return, I wils  
Pope-like his master, give his foot to kifs.  
For that Dog-trick his master club'd him soundly :  
Asses may not, where Dogs may come off roundly.

Mor.

All mayn' make hold alike, under the rose  
Be't said, with most, Kissing by favour goes :  
Dogs may be bedfellows, to whom no Peers,  
Where the Ass dare not lie, no, for his ears.

F A B.

*Of the Lyon, and the Mous.*

**O**Ver the Lyons back some mice did creep,  
 As he upon green leaves lay fast asleep;  
 All scap'd but one, but one he woke, and took  
 To make example of, by hook or crook.  
 Mousle pleaded hard, and this was his great plea,  
 Lyon's a King, must not a Mousle-trap be;  
 I know thou couldst destroy me in a trice  
 But Eagles catch no flies, Lyons no mice.  
 He gave him quarter, and his liberty  
 Though he the Lyon rid, set him scot-free.  
 Soon after was the Lyon in a snare,  
 The thankful mousle espy'd him unaware;  
 He could do feats, although he could not blunder,  
 To him he ran, and bit the Knots asunder.

Mor.

*Treat poor fools kindly, stroy no mice, for why on  
 Occasion offer'd, mice may save a Lyon.*

*Of the sick Kite.*

**A** Kite was like to die, how I don't know,  
 For why, they say, no Carrion kills a Crow.  
 (If he had di'd, well spar'd have been he might,  
 One Larks leg's worth the body of a Kite:)  
 He prays his mother for to pray the Gods  
 That he might live, else he should die, 'twas ods.  
 Said she on thy behalf they will not hear me  
 Though I be earnest, therefore do not fear me.

How oft hast thou snatcht the meat from their Table,  
I mean their Altar, when that shou wert able?

Mor.

*Wouldst thou in trouble, that Heaven should thee stand by?  
Be not profane in thy prosperity.*

F A B. 16.

*Of the Swallow and other Birds.*

**T**He Swallow by his wife advice, was known  
To spoil the Linseed, when it was first sown;  
When it was green, he counsel'd them again,  
But th' Birds withstood his counsel, might and main:  
When that the Line was come to its maturity,  
Spoil it, saith he again, for your security.  
Having so often bid them to beware  
(For he well knew 'twas planted for a snare)  
Seeing no counsel would take place, why then  
Farewel to Beasts said he, I'll dwell with men.  
They seem to me more reasonable of the two,  
To dwell with, though ith' chimney dwell I do.

Mor.

*They who run on when th' banes forbid thrice be,  
E'en let them wed (as they do) misery.  
Who often warn'd of danger, will not fly,  
'Tis safest to quit their society.*

F A B. 17.

*Of the Frogs and their King.*

**F**Rogs swell'd like Toads with Pride croakt for a King,  
Thinking a Common-wealth but a mean thing;  
Jove gave them a great Beam, King good enough  
For them, but that 'tis said they took in snuff;

Though



Though scar'd, when first he did the waters jog,  
 They scorn'd him when they saw he was a Log:  
 An active King they want, and cannot settle  
 Unless that *Force* give them a King of mettle.

Then came a Crane, which soon began to rout 'em  
 For why the crabbed Crane did lay about 'em:  
 They soon discern'd which was best of the twain,  
 A harmless beam or a devouring Crane.

Mor.

*Too mild is a good fault in them that rule,  
 (If any fault be good,) and they who rule  
 And whine at Rulers too great clemency,  
 Deserve to feel the smart of tyranny.*

*A beam doth nothing like a Crane annoy;  
 If it can't save, neither will it destroy.*

F A B. 18.

*Of the Pigeons, and the Kite.*

**T**ime was with Kite the Pigeons had a war,  
 Without a King they thought he would them mar;  
 They chose the Hawk, (that bird with Roman nose)  
 That by his help they might withstand their foes,  
 But afterwards they found that they were widgeons,  
 For why like Patridges he us'd the Pigeons.  
 His tyranny was worse than war with th' Kite  
 Sovereignty arm'd his fierceness besides might:  
 One claw of th' Hawk worse than the Kites whole body,  
 Which made each Pigeon call himself a noddy.

Mor.

*Change of condition like to change of Air  
 Some think will mend them, who then worst do fare  
 If it be not too bad, this they shouldst doe  
 Keep thy old State, rather than seek a new.*

F A B.

(15)

FAB. 19.

*Of the Thief, and the Dog.*

**A** Thief unto a barking Dog was kind,  
Would fill his mouth with bread, he knew his mind;  
It was to stop his mouth, to bark he might  
Not able be, I'll bark if I can't bite,  
Said he, for else thou'lt surely rob this house;  
On that account thy breads' not worth a louse.

Mor.

*Who gets small gains with utmost hazard, be  
Pound-foolish. penny-wise is said to be:  
No man that's wife will venture mine for dregs,  
Or set his house on fire to roast his Eggs.  
Base men for bribes have let great spoyle be done,  
Some dogs so generous are that they'll take none.*

FAB. 20.

*Of the Wolf and the young Sow.*

**D**ame Sow lay in, a wolf so kind and mild  
Offer'd her service for to nurse her child;  
A wolf saith she was Nurse to Romulus,  
And Remus too, let me be thine-Dame Sus.  
Though I have many pigs, yet I have none,  
Said th' Sow, for Wolves, scarce for our Parson one  
These sucking Pigs with me shall go about,  
When, as I have pig'd in, I shall pig out  
Of th' Straw, I wish thou wert as far as York.  
Old wolf, for why I see thou lov'st young pork.

Mor.

*When folks are too officious, I mistrust  
Some slippery trick they'll serve us when they lust.*

For

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For Wolves, and such like never so come to you,  
Is sure the greatest kindness they can do you,  
I say that greatest kindness is, for why

Their room is better than their company.

F A B. 21.

Of the mountains bringing forth young.

**M**ountains in Travail fell, and they did lack  
An Atlas sure, who else could hold their back?  
Or little hills, or Giants they'd produce

'Twas thought, at length came forth a little mouse:  
Old laughing then, twelve pence a piece there might  
Be given for to see that wondrous sight.

Great talkers often wander from their scope,  
Though they ne'er speak, but when their mouth doth open  
Of instances of men each age affords,  
Sparing in deeds, but lavish in their words.

F A B. 22.

Of the Hound despised by his master.

**A**N aged Hound could not as he had wont  
Course Deer, or with his teeth fasten on't;  
For he had almost none: he caught a deer  
And let him go again, his master here  
Was full of wrath, chid him, and paid his hide;  
But thus he reason'd (taking him aside)  
What I was in my youth you may remember,  
None July-flowers do look for in December;  
Though now I service little do, or none,  
Love me for what I formerly have done.

You

You would be loth (if you should be told)  
To be so serv'd your self when you are old.

*Mor.* in a word, I think you are old.

Good turns should be remembered whilst they last  
That did them, though the benefits be past;  
'Tis a base mind (we ought far to believe)  
No longer to pay thanks, than we receive.

*Of the Hares and the Frogs.*

**I** Th' shady wood the fearful Hares did hear  
A certain whistling wind that blew unware;  
At which they start, and quickly run away:  
One wiser than the rest, wisth them to stay,  
'Twas but a wind was whistling for a sport  
That made them daunce away, worse fear'd than hurt:  
But the truth was, they then could fly no more,  
There was a Fen they could not get o're:  
And several Frogs did there lie under water,  
Which they suppos'd befokn'd some great slaughter;  
So hair-brain'd were the Hares and full of fears:  
For which one wiser than the rest them jeers.  
'Tis well, saith he, that we are swift of foot,  
But it were good to add some courage to't:  
By Cowardice the Hares their ears have lost,  
For Pigs with ears, but Hares without we roast.

*Mor.*

Who Cowards are, no great fears can go through,  
But must needs live like *Centers* in a narrow.

*Of the Kid and the Wolf.*

**A** Goat went out to feed, and watch'd her Kid  
 Till she came back again for to lie hid,  
 Kept under lock and key, and ope to none;  
 The wolf o'reheard it, came when she was gone,  
 And look'd for to return, with voice like th' dam  
 Cry'd, ope to me, for I thy mother am:  
 But the Kid through a chink the wolf did spy,  
 Kept the door shut, knowing the fallacy.

*Mor.*

*'Tis good for children parents to obey,  
 For doing so, keep out the wolf they may:  
 Though goats by wolves have counterfeited been,  
 Through certain crookes they might be seen.*

FAB. 25.

*Of the Hart and the Sheep.*

**A** nation of debt a Hart did bring  
 Against a Sheep, before a wolf, the thing  
 The sheep did not deny, the wolf was there,  
 Though against her the Hart did falsely swear  
 That she of wheat a bushel him did owe,  
 Though not one grain she very well did know.  
 When th' wolf was gone, art thou there with thy beam  
 Sweet Hart said he, now I will have thy beam.

*Mor.*

*To save thy life, or so, go from thy right,  
 When so it is that Right is overcome by might:  
 But if thou cheated be by any man,  
 What is so got, come by it how he can.*

*Of the Country-man and the Snake.*

**A** Country-man was angry with a snake,  
 And to revenge himself, an Axe did take;  
 So wounded him he thought that he would die,  
 (Though by the Axe, seldome's Snakes destiny.)  
 The country-man became exceeding poor,  
 After the Snake h<sup>e</sup> had beaten out of door;  
 And thought it was for that, invites the snake  
 To dwell with him again, who would not take  
 His offer, for saith he, though well I waxe,  
 I dare not dwell so near thee, and thy Axe.

Mor.

*When a mans conscience misery doth awake,  
 'Twill irk him to have wrong'd a very snake.  
 Though those that injure us, forgive we must,  
 Yet such we should take care how we do trust.*

FAB. 27.

*Of the Fox, and the Stork.*

**A** little Fox to Supper did invite,  
 A Stork, it prov'd his Supper was but light:  
 (Light Suppers make clean sheets) upon the table  
 He pour'd thin *White-pot*, which the Stork not able  
 To gather up, the Fox alone did sup  
 (They say Fox-lungs are rare for to lick up)  
 The Stork full empty went, empty, but full  
 Of heaviness, fasting made him less dull.  
 Resolv'd to bring the Fox to an arraignment  
 Or first, or last, for that his entertainment.

When

When it was time that passage to forget,  
 Then for the Fox the Stork did spread a net.  
 Sr. Reynard he desir'd to be his guest,  
 His kindness to requite he did his best.  
 In long-neck't glasse with narrow mouth (I trow)  
 He put his food, good Mr. Fox fall to  
 Said he, your long and slender neck was made  
 On purpose sure to fit you for this trade.  
 His neck was short, and thick, the Stork at last  
 Told him he must, or stretch his neck, or fast.  
 At that the Fox was out of countenance  
 And did conclude he hungry home must dance.  
 He blusht himself as red as any Fox,  
 And swel'd himself in bigness to an Ox,  
 As neer as e're he could, 'twould not avail,  
 The Stork h' had flopt ith' mouth with a Fox-tail.

Mor.

*They say, one good turn doth require another,  
 And when ill turns are done men keep a pother  
 For to requite them too, a common thing  
 It is, to give folks as good as they bring.*

FAB. 28.

*Of the Wolf, and the painted head.*

**A** Wolf into a Gravers shop did look,  
 Whether a Statue for a sheep he took  
 As he pass'd by, tumbling about he found  
 A painted head, whether 'twere square or round,  
 He found it empty was, and void of sense  
 And Brains, at which he laughter did commence  
 But what I thought, thou art, quoth he, I wils  
 A painted head, but an ill head-piece 'tis.

C

Mor.

*A thick-skull'd fellow that doth look acute,  
 Goes for a wise man whilst that he is mute:  
 But when he speaks, folks cry that they mistook  
 Him to be wise, he had a promising look;  
 Deformed folly is past ever lighter,  
 Folly in beauty set, shines so much brighter.  
 A well-look'd Coxcomb's a most scorned tool:  
 Either be wise, or else look like a fool.*

F A B. 29.

*Of the Cornish Chough.*

**T**He Jay with Peacocks feathers deckt was proud,  
 Then all his kindred quickly disavow'd,  
 With Peacocks joyn'd himself, Birds of a feather  
 As who should say are wont to flock together.  
 He was no Peacock though he took their plumes,  
 At which the real Peacock storms and fumes;  
 That he who was none of their company,  
 Presumed for to wear their Livery.  
 Over his ears he pluckt his borrowed gown,  
 Than common Jays left him no more renown.  
 Cufft him to boot, and nubbled well his nose,  
 Now go saith he chatter amongst the Choughes.

Mor.

*From warning South-sayers hath the prailing Jay  
 His Latine name, as called Monedula;  
 From them may others also warning take,  
 Their betters their companions not to make.  
 Who've only Peacocks plumes have not their thirds,  
 Fine feathers make birds fine, but not fine birds.  
 Associate with Superiours, is they'l do,  
 Strip thee of thy fine plumes, and scorn thee too.*

F A B.



*Of the Fly, and the Pismire.*

**A** Buifie Fly contested with an Ant,  
 Himself far better of the two did vaunt;  
 Boasted his pedigree, and great Allies  
 Come of the noble family of the Flies.  
 Whereas the Pismire sheweth by his name,  
 That of base Sire and Dam his meannels came.  
 His habitation next to mind he calls,  
 In *White-balls*, *Lowyers*, and *Essewials*.  
 In Mole-hills, Ants, and little dunghills dwell,  
 Earth's warts, or Earth's imposthums, are their cells.  
 Fly said he, Angel-like, had wings and flew,  
 But Ants did crawl and creep as all men knew.  
 He fed on Pasties and did drink good wine,  
 Claret, and Rhenish, Sack, and Muscadine.  
 He liv'd in ease and pleasure, yes he said  
 He play'd with Fortune, Fortune with him play'd:  
 Quoth Ant, Sir Fly, whereas with my descent  
 You me upbraid, I am therewith content.  
 An honest Sire I had as ever pist,  
 My Dam was Earth, mother of all I wist;  
 My Lodgings I confesse are under ground,  
 I think that thou hast none but go'st the round:  
 Thy Pasties and thy wine I do not matter,  
 For I can feed as well on bread and water;  
 I know folks do begrudge you every bit  
 You eat, and drop you drink, me ne're a whit.  
 And wish you might be choaked with your meat,  
 They say you spoil more victuals than you eat.  
 Of Flyes great havoc made *Dominion*,  
 Hated they were, and are by every man.

All things considered which of you are known,  
Sir Fly you have no cause to be fly-blown.

Mor.

*An empty cracking Traveller is the Fly,  
Who claims a priviledg to brag and lie;  
And buzzeth idle stories in each ear,  
So doing, makes a shift to get good chear.  
Beyond sea, tells his father was a Duke,  
Which they that know not false cannot rebuke;  
Knowing if Lyes will please that he can tell some,  
Thrusts into Princes Courts as bold, as welcome:  
Goes all a mode, although he be way-laid for,  
For why the cloaths on's back, are yet not paid for.  
But the Ant is an honest labouring man,  
For bread, and small drink, working as he can.  
Besides from hand to mouth hath some small store,  
Some Corn in's barn, some fitches hanging o're  
His head, for fuel, some straw and some wood,  
Can make his friend eat and drink what is good.  
Lives a great while whilst that the vapouring Fly  
Or starves, or else for stealing comes to dye.  
Who so devotes himself for to upbraid,  
Meets with his match, grows weary of the trade.*

F A B 31.

*Of the Frog and the Ox.*

**A** Frog by swelling try'd what he could do,  
As big and portly as an Ox to grow;  
Her daughter it should seem was more a Fox,  
And cry'd alas, what's a Frog to an Ox?  
E're thou canst equalize an ox thou must  
By so much swelling wilt go nigh to burst.

( 21 )

She swell'd, and swell'd, and swell'd, twice and again,  
And so at length she fairly burst in twain.

Mor.

*To be content with what we are, is meet,  
'Tis not Jove's pleasure that all should be great.*

F A B. 32.

*Of the Lyon and the Horse,*

**A**N aged Lyon found his strength decay,  
Yet could eat horse-flesh (get it how he may.)  
He did forecast, Horse-Doctor to profess  
Himself, the best expedient he did guess.  
Many diseases horses have, he meant  
The credulous horse should be his patient;  
His patient th' horse pretended for to be,  
And said, good Doctor you're come seasonably.  
A thorn is got into my foot said he,  
Be pleas'd to pull it out, here is your fee.  
Then said the Doctor pray the place me shew,  
He puts on's spectacles and did it view:  
And poring as he was, the horse I wiss  
Pope-like, the Lyon gave his toe to kiss:  
So stun'd all Cordials hardly could him quicken,  
And then 'twas plain, the Lyon was well stricken.

Mor.

*Thanks to my self said he for my deceit,  
Cheating's the best reward of them that cheat.*

F A B. 33.

*Of the Horse and the Ass,*

**A** Prancing horse proud as himself came by,  
Adorned with all kind of finery;

C 3

Brave

Brave as a Lord Mayors horse on Lord Mayors day,  
 A silly Ass chanc'd to stand in his way;  
 Begone saith he, and forthwith give me place,  
 Or else I'll crop your ears, not bate an ace,  
 If fair means will not do I shall use force,  
 Think not to make an Ass of such a horse;  
 The frighted Ass durst neither quitch nor bray,  
 He starts aside and forthwith gives him way.  
 Frisking the horses belly did come down  
 And then his stomach too, he came to Town  
 Soon after in a carr; the Ass did laugh,  
 To see him then as plain as a Pike-staff.  
 Quoth he, are these your trappings? I did find  
 By your great cracking you would break your wind.  
 And when I found you were so proud and curst,  
 I said you swell'd so much that you would burst.

Mor.

*He's drunk as any man that you see reel,  
 Who does forget that fortune is a wheel;  
 The biggest spoke may soon be in the dirt;  
 If men in their prosperity will flurt,  
 And flout at them who now are under hatchet;  
 He may be Mayor of Quinborough who now thatches.*

F A B. 34.

*Of the birds and four-footed beasts.*

'T Wixt beasts and birds a dreadful war befell,  
 That th' beasts would victors be, bats did foretell;  
 Fell to the stronger side, the birds forsook,  
 Who victors prov'd, the Eagle their part took;  
 The conquering birds decree the Bat to banish,  
 And make that Renogado bird to vanish

From

From their Society, and from the light,  
Thence Bats are stirring only in the night.

Mor.

Swallows alone in smoking chimneys dwell,  
One cause thereof (as we may guess) I le tell;  
Unto the warmer mouths alone she stirs her,  
She'll summer with us but she will not winter:  
Share of each state with us ought every night,  
Let them not share our day won & share our night.

F A B. 35.

*Of the Wolf and the Fox.*

**A** Wolf was full of prey and liv'd at ease,  
That he so did, did not the Fox well please;  
Sir Reynard came to visit him, and then  
He ask'd the Wolf what made him keep his den?  
He said (with night-cap on) I am not well,  
What to reply the Fox then could not tell;  
Away he went, a neighbouring shepherd told  
That to surprize a Fox he might be bold.  
His den is ope, and unawares he caught  
May be said he, he said it not for nought.  
The Shepherd kill'd the wolf but ne're the less  
The prey did leave, which the Fox did possess.  
But soon he came again, and sans confession  
He kill'd the Fox which he found in possession.

Mor.

*Others to out that so we may receive  
Their incomes, is flat knavery by your leave.  
Though the wolf's den and prey the Fox possess,  
He was turn'd out so soon as warm in's nest.*

C 4

F A B.

## F A B. 36.

*Of the Hart.*

**S**Tag Wittal-like, was pleased with his horn  
 Seen in the water, thought it did adorn,  
 Mistlik'd his Legs, as Peacocks do their feet,  
 Thought them too slender whilst they had been great.  
 But chas'd, his horns in thickets him perplext,  
 Then with his horns more than his feet was vext :  
 His feet assisted his deliverance,  
 His horns were like to ruine him by chance.

Mor.

*A man is often proud ev'n of his chains,  
 And of those things which give him ease complains ;  
 Asham'd of that which proud (if pride might be)  
 He should be of, proud of his shame is he ;  
 And whilst his useful feet he vainly scorns,  
 He seems to glory in things like to horns.*

## F A B. 37.

*Of the Viper and the File.*

**A** Viper with his teeth a File to file  
 Asunder went, at which it did but smile  
 And said, gnaw on, please you with all your might,  
 Well may you show your teeth but cannot bite :  
 I conquer brass, and crumble iron to dust,  
 Therefore your bonny teeth to me yield must.

Mor.

*Who saith he Iron conquer'd hath with bone,  
 Offer him not a File, but a Whetstone ;*

For to attempt what is not to be done,  
Is but like dogs to bark against the moon.  
To fight with those that are more than our match,  
But calls to mind a war 'twixt fire and thatch.

F A B. 38.

*Of the Wolfs and the Lambs.*

**A** Peace concluded was 'twixt wolfs and sheep,  
Their Dams gave Hostages the same to keep;  
The wolfs their whelps they lay did leave in pawn,  
The sheep their Dogs, who meeterly in were drawn.  
The little wolfs did soon begin to howl  
After their Dams, which cry the sheep deal foul,  
Wronging their hostages, and might lay on  
E'ne what they please, because their Dogs were gone.

Mor.

Observe in dealing with an Enemy,  
Give not for his what's thy security;  
Pledge your Lambs, not their Dogs, if you'r wise Dams;  
Dogs may defend the sheep, retrieve the Lambs.

F A B. 39.

*Of the Wood and the Countrey-man.*

**A** Countrey-man a handle for his axe  
Did want, to th' wood he went which did not tax  
Him with an ill intent, but for to take  
Gave him free leave, what would a handle make;  
A handle he put on (for he could do it)  
Went to the wood again, and then fell to it  
To cut down trees, the wood stood and look'd on  
Shaking her trembling leaves, cry'd I'm undone,

And

And her own folly very much did tax,  
That she would trust a Labourer with an axe,

Mor.

*Some Axes have, but handles they have none,  
Give them but them, and you are quite undone.  
No wise man will give handles, he's a fool  
Will arm an enemy with an edge-tool.*

F A B. 40.

*Of the Members and the Belly.*

**T**He members grudge the belly its good cheer,  
For to hear murmurings bellies have no ear,  
Yet they pay'd dearly for their murmuring  
Who did allow it for to eat nothing  
Because it wrought not, though it dress'd their meat,  
And upon that account deserv'd to eat.  
Yet they resolv'd that Kitchen not to use,  
And in so doing did themselves abuse;  
For they can dress it no where else, and they  
Strangely began to waste, and pine away.  
Surely 'twas a plain case, 'twas no problem,  
As they the belly fed, so it fed them.  
For th' belly, hands, and feet to work do use,  
'Twas strange their masters service to refuse  
Nay, without hands, and feet I need not tell you  
Some folks do work, but not without a belly.

Mor.

*It looks like to a Leveller's demands,  
That none should live but they that work with hands  
Or feet; whereas there is no man but knows,  
Bellies and Heads work without Hands and Toes.  
Bellies are Laboratories for our food,  
For to digest it in, and turn's to Blood:*

*Intestines,*



Intestines, Liver, Spleen, veins great and small,  
 Milkie and mesenteries, there are all  
 Belabouring Chyle, and still renewing blood,  
 And proper nourishment as they see good.  
 He had a woful fennce, that did contrive  
 Bellies should starve and other parts should live.  
 Wouldst thou that handicrafts alone be fed?  
 Try the conclusion, and cut off thy head.  
 Statesmen and Scholars who despise, I tell ye,  
 Are like the mutters against the belly.

F A B. 41.

*Of the Ape and the Foxe.*

**T**He modest Ape, or whether Ape man kind  
 She only did, seem'd griev'd that base behind  
 She was, and beg'd a piece of Foxes tail  
 (What he could spare) her nakedness to vail:  
 In part of that same tail I should take pride,  
 Which cumpers thee, 'twould cover my backside  
 Said she, but churlish foxe gave this rebound,  
 Rather than so, said he, 't shall sweep the ground. H

Mor.

Too many, Fox-like, want the ingenuity  
 To succour others with their superfluity  
 And whilst in robes that sweep the ground they dress  
 Themselves, they'll not clothe the others nakedness.

F A B. 42.

*Of the Stag, and the Oxen.*

**A** Stag pursu'd, crav'd oxens leave to hide  
 With them ith' Stable, it was not deny'd:

But an old Oxe did say, 'twould not be safe,  
 For though he might escape *Tom, Will and Ralph*,  
 Three heedless servants, yet the masters eye  
 Would find him out, who coming by and by  
 Grop'd in the hay, and felt a certain horn,  
 I'm sure, saith he, this is nor hay, nor corn  
 I have not far to hunt, saith he, what's here?  
 He lay a Venison-Pasty 'tis a Deer:  
 To lay the wager he was not too hasty,  
 It prov'd a deer, he had his venison-Pastie.

Mor.

*Whether by fear persua'd, or ill chance rid,  
 'Tis hard for men in misery to be bid,  
 Be Argos-proof, for Mole-proof is but ill;  
 Where Servants don't spy faults yet masters will.*

F A B. 43.

*Of the Lyon and the Foxe.*

**A** Lyon went for sick, for so he made  
 Himself to be, pursuing the old trade.  
 To visit him all th' beasts but Reynard came,  
 He then was not more sick than mild, and tame:  
 Where's my dear Fox, said he, for him alone  
 I miss, to fetch him hither pray send one.  
 Tell him the Lyon is his very friend,  
 And very sick to boot, and near his end.  
 And much desires to see him e're he die,  
 Has made his will, left him a Legacy.  
 The Fox this heard, I shall pray for his health,  
 Long life, saith he, prosperity, and wealth.  
 But as to visits pray excuse me, when  
 I see no footsteps leading from his den,

Though

Though many leading to it round about  
Many go in, it seems, but none come out.

Mor.

Foxes suspect that Lyons may be strong,  
When they seem sick, and weak, and do-but long  
For some good thing, get it (if they can do it)  
Like any thing in health they will fall to it:  
Foxes are not soon made their paws so burn,  
They love to go from whence they may return.  
Women, though dead, one Proverb saith, don't trust,  
Lyons much less, seeming but sick, we must.  
Like to the Lyons den are Nunneries,  
Which none to go into I would advise;  
For once got in, though they repent again,  
I wis there is no getting out again.

F A B. 44.

Of the Fox and the Weasel.

**A** Fox when lean, crept into a corn wicket;  
When fat, did strive to get out of that thicket,  
But was too big: old weasel said, if wind  
Your self out thence you would, then leave behind  
Your fat, grow lean again, in that distress  
There is no help for you, but to grow less.

Mor.

Rich folks in trouble, who have poor folks been,  
May best creep out they say as they crept in.  
Poor Clients, Patients, and Amor's one stray  
Who minds? be poor, and fear nor Love nor Law  
Nor Physick, none will press thee unto that:  
Sometimes 'tis better to be lean than fat.

F A B.

*Of the Horse and the Stag.*

**A** Horse, they say, was beaten by a Stag,  
 And made to quit the field, the conquer'd nag  
 Meeting a man courted his company,  
 Who went, and help'd him to the victory:  
 On foot, it seems, the man did thither come,  
 Now weary, did desire he might ride home  
 Upon his back, the Horse could not deny  
 To th' man, his second, such a courtesie.  
 He fairly took the saddle and the bridle,  
 And then for all his conquest might go fiddle:  
 The man made bold to ride him, of the bit  
 Once in his mouth he never could be quit.  
 That the man conquer'd, cannot be deny'd,  
 Who then but he in triumph ought to ride  
 Over both Stag and Horse? and so he did;  
 They that can ride and ought, will not be rid.  
 This plainly was the poor harts misery,  
 Conquering by man, he lost his liberty.

Mor.

Some by the Stag think poverty is meant,  
 Which is set out by venison, wondrousment  
 May cause, rather by sb' horse that caught the Deer  
 He has grown rich, and now commands good cheer.  
 The horse o'ercame the Stag, the man the horse,  
 Then with the conquering nag it was far worse;  
 For of a victor he became a slave,  
 The man got up, and be his will would have  
 Of him he help'd to conquer; for what else  
 Ere made a conquest and not for himself?

W ben

When some have Riches got by their endeavour,  
 They find themselves to be more slaves than ever.  
 The horse had better kept him to his grass,  
 To aim at Venison he was but an Ass.  
 To use mans help for Venison he was addle,  
 The man would win the horse or loose the saddle;  
 And have the Venison too, 'twas a mans meat,  
 He'd ride the horse, and give him hay to eat.

## F A B. 46.

Of two young men.

**T**O a Cooks-shop, they say, two young men came,  
 Stole away meat, and then deny'd the same.  
 Each swore by *Jove* that the Cook might believe her,  
 One was the thief the other the Receiver;  
 The thief did swear, himself no meat to have,  
 But the Receiver thus did play the knave,  
 I stole no meat, said he, yet our belief  
 It is, Receiver is the same with Thief.  
 The thick-skull'd Cook could not find out the cheat,  
 Said *Jove* by whom you swear knows your deceit.

Mor.

Those subtle frauds which men cannot espy,  
 Lye open to his view, who is all eye.

## F A B. 47.

Of the Dog and the Butcher.

**A** Hungry Dog made a good joynt of meat  
 Out of a Butchers shop, halstned to eat  
 It far from thence, the Butcher saw him run,  
 At first said nought, for he was in a fun.

He

He lookt so fillily, and so uncouth,  
 As when he sought his knife and 'twas in's mouth.  
 At length he spake and said, I can't come to thee  
 Thou art a nimble rogue, much good may't do thee !  
 He's an ill Cook, that can't his fingers lick,  
 Next time wee'l take more heed for that Dog-trick.

Mor.

The Butcher should have watch'd the dog before,  
 When the Steed's stole men shut the Stable door:  
 Till wit be bought and paid for, 'tis we're good  
 They say, by contraries be it understood:  
 'Tis good to ride the fore-horse, after wit  
 They only have, that have been sorely bit.

F A B. 48.

*Of the Dog and the Sheep.*

A Dog against a Sheep his action brought,  
 That he a loaf (time was he lent him ) ought:  
 Sheep eat no loaves, she stily did deny  
 The debt, Kite, Wolf, and Vultur testifie  
 'Twas a true debt; the verdict went at last  
 For the Dog Plaintiff, and the Sheep was cast.  
 Cast to the dog, I know not by what Jury,  
 He took the Sheep, and slay'd him in his fury.

Mor.

Many an honest cause is overborne  
 Whilst desperate foes false witnesses suborn:

F A B. 49.

*Of the Lamb and the Wolf.*

A Lamb that follow'd a He-goat, was met  
 By a fiern Wolf, who thus upon him set:

Follow

Follow thy Dam, said he, not stinking Goat,  
 But the Lamb-thought he understood his note.  
 Sir wolf, said he, what you mean I conjecture,  
 My Dam hath made this He-goat my Protector.  
 When Foxes preach, Geese to themselves must look,  
 And wolfs advice by Lambs must not be took.

Mor.

*When he that counsels is thine enemy  
 Always suspect the bottom's treachery.  
 Won't foes do so? when now and then our friends  
 Advise what's not for ours, but their own ends.*

F A B. 30.

*Of a young man, and a Cat.*

**A** Cat was pretty, as a Cat could be,  
 A Youth there was, in love with her was he.  
*Venus*, said he, thou hast deprived us  
 Of a fine woman, making her a Pus:  
 O turn her to a woman good sweet *Venus*,  
 For I confess there is much Love between us;  
 Sh' has caught a man, let her no more catch mice,  
 Thou canst a woman make her in a trice.  
 Then *Venus* her a woman soon did dub,  
 She rose up woman, as sure as a club.  
 And brided it as well at the boards end,  
 Carv'd well, paid due respects to every friend:  
 Until anon a mouse chanc'd to pass by,  
 Dear mouse, said she, though I sit here 'tis I;  
 There is no meat to thee nor no play-fellow,  
 Thou playest so prettily and eatst so mellow.  
 I'm young with child for I did lately marry,  
 Thou must my longing save, or I miscarry.

D

IF

If that my husband break, I'll seek my rise  
By midwifery, deliver Alpes of mice;  
Above all other babes, I love those same;  
The first I have, him *Musculus* I'll name.

Mor.

*Nature can't long be bid, Temptation's that,  
Will show what seem'd a woman, was a cat.  
Nature dissembled with great art, and soyl,  
Let but a mouse appear, will soon recoil.*

F A B. 51.

*Of the Husbandman and his Sons.*

A Countrey-man wight his sons to agree,  
Which they did not it seems, so well as he  
Did wish they should, to further that intent  
A bundle of sticks did to them present:  
Break these sticks if you can, said he, thus bound,  
They try'd to break them, and they try'd it round,  
But could not, whilst that they were ty'd in one;  
Then gave u'm stick by stick, and 'twas soon done,  
Then like to rotten tow, they snapt asunder,  
Strength disunited is weak to a wonder.

Mor.

*Rule over others soon thou maist, divide  
Them if thou canst, and they on t' other side  
Rule over thee; if so, therefore unite  
And break thee then who can, a fig for sight.  
Discords are Corporations rocks, and shelves,  
Which seldome break, till they first break themselves.*

F A B.



*Of the Countrey-man and the Horse.*

**A** Countrey-man did with a lere-horse come,  
 But with an As was loaden to his bum;  
 The As complain'd his back he thought would break;  
 His burthen was so great, and he so weak,  
 That he must die if that he had no ease,  
 Besought the lere-horse, help him he would please.  
 Give th' As his load, said he, I'll bear no part,  
 It was too much, and soon it broke his heart.  
 He di'd, and dying his whole load was laid  
 On the lere-horse, and his skin too when flay'd.  
 Then said, fool I, nought for the As would do,  
 Now bear his burthens must, and his hide too.

Mor.

*Help those who with a little help could bear  
 Their charge themselves; if quite undone they are,  
 When they are quite undone shoul'd be put to  
 To keep their charge, and to keep them to boot.  
 Some that could live, if they were helpt at all;  
 Not helpt, both they, and theirs to th' Parish fall.*

*Of the Collier and the Fuller.*

**T**He Collier made a motion for to dwell  
 Within a Fullers house, he could not tell  
 How to consent, for why my Trade is white  
 Saith he, thine black, differ like day and night  
 Black cloaths don't love white walls, nor white things  
 Save only pepper which hath a good smack,

And keeps its blackness to its self, thou'lt stain;  
My cloaths, if near thee, will be black in grain.

Mor.

*Dwell not with those that are quite contrary,  
For ten to one that you will ne're agree.*

FAB. 54

*Of the Fowler and the Ring-dove.*

**F**OWLERS to birds are enemies by profession;  
One saw a Dove had newly took possession  
Of a high tree, laid his snares by and by  
For him, (although a Dove, and his nest high);  
Whilst so employ'd he trod upon a snake  
Which turn'd again, for it she would not take,  
But bit him soundly, made him stare again:  
Catching a Dove, said he, I've caught my bane.

Mor.

*Harm watch, harm catch, a mischief be their speed  
Of harmless Doves Trappers are indeed.*

FAB. 55.

*Of the Trumpeter.*

**A** Blub-cheekt Trumpeter in war was took;  
Such was his plea, for pardon he did look,  
I never kill'd a man, nor could, nor would  
Said he, my Life to beg I'm therefore bold:  
All that I did was only for to toot,  
I never Bullets did, nor powder shoot.  
'Tis true, but something else I have to tell you on  
He said, you'r Trumpeter to the Rebellion.  
The sighs and groans which had men made afraid  
T'engage in war, by your shrill sounds were laid:

You

You made mens blood to frisk, and spirits caper,  
Which sure enough had sunk but for your vapour.  
No man does mischief like the Trumpeter,  
By his encouragement he inflames the war ;  
He mocks mens sighs, he spirit doth the feeble,  
When men groan out the base, he sounds the treble,  
Of sighs and groans the musick I'll thee learn,  
Others shall trumpet, that no bowels yearn.

MOR.

*Who stirs up others he is most in fault,  
And dearest ought to pay, if he be caught.  
No Trumpeter no war ; who ill dispose  
The minds of Princes, they are most our foes :  
Wish them to draw their swords, flatter them so,  
Say all is well that Princes please to do.  
When such like fawning flatterers shall cease,  
Then, not till then, there's hope t' have all in peace.*

F A B. 56.

*Of the Wolf and the Dog.*

**E**'re it were day, a wolf a dog did meet ;  
With usual ceremonies they did greet.  
The wolf would know what made the Dog so slick :  
For that matter, saith he, I have a trick  
An easie trick, a fawning way whereby  
I please my master, and the family ;  
And by so doing, purchase many a bit  
Warm from the Table, or warm from the spit.  
Sweet Cur, saith he, since thou hast so good pasture  
Help me into the service of thy master,  
Lay down thy fierceness, and I shall prevall,  
Said he, for thee, with th' wagging of my tail.

They laid their heads together till 'twere light,  
 Then the wolf saw what he could not by night,  
 That the dogs neck was very raw and sore,  
 And thereupon askt him one question more;  
 What ails thy neck, said he, to be so bare?  
 For I of that, saith he, was not aware.  
 O Sir, said he, my manner was to bite  
 My masters friends, as well by day, as night:  
 Thereby I have incurr'd a thousand dangers,  
 Injoyn'd to bark only at wolfs and strangers.  
 I through my fierceness breaking that commission  
 Have brought my self into this sad condition.  
 Then said the wolf, if thou art at that lock  
 For to be fed with a bit and a knock,  
 Much good may do thee, I'll serve no such masters,  
 I now begin to pity thy disasters,  
 I'll not retain to him if that I might,  
 I am no Spannel, to love those that fight.  
 I'll live in woods, and any course food eat,  
 Rather than fare as you, and be so beat:  
 I'll not advance my self by flattery,  
 To venture neck, and loose my liberty:  
 I thought h' had us'd thee like a child, a hog  
 I see he is, and beats thee like a dog.

Mor.

*Some great ones cruel are to them that need u'm,  
 Give me a poor shatch'd Cottage, with my freedom.  
 If great ones have their servants, on those banks  
 Injuries they must receive, and then give thanks.*

F A B. 57.

*Of the Husbandman and the Dog.*

**T**was a hard winter with a Countrey-man;  
 Must kill his stock, or not subsist he can.  
 And first he kill'd his sheep, (the best go first)  
 His He-goats next, and then he was to curst,  
 (For hunger made him so) his labouring ox  
 He slew, he had a dog, that was a Fox,  
 Fox-dogs there are, a fox his Sire might be;  
 When he saw that, away went subtle he:  
 If I stay here my master will me eat,  
 Said he, in famine Dogs are thought good meat.

Mor.

*Embrace not every service, an ill master  
 Whoever serves, will find a great disaster.*

F A B. 58.

*Of the Fox and the Lyon.*

**W**hen first a subtle Fox a Lyon saw,  
 He had a mighty reverence for his paw,  
 And his grave beard, which might serve a Philosopher  
 So great as had read *Alexander Ross* over:  
 He saw him twice, or thrice, and then grew bold,  
 Stare in his face, or play with's beard he could.

Mor.

*Use bath this property with us, I wis,  
 Makes men not fear what is not, nor what is.  
 They fear no dangers who are us'd to wars,  
 Nor Devils to whom they're familiars.*

D 4

F A B.

F A B. 59.

*Of the Fox and the Eagle.*

**A**N Eagle caught a Fox, they're seldome catcht,  
 But 'twas a young one that was newly hatcht  
 The old Fox on her knees beg'd for her Cub,  
 The Eagle would not yield, but did her snub.  
 Away he went carrying it to his nest,  
 To play with his young Eagles, but the Jest  
 Was this, the Fox came flying (Love hath wings)  
 To th' Eagles nest, and then the Eagle sings  
 Another note, down on his knees, and said,  
 O'th Firebrand in thy hand I am afraid.  
 Burn not my nest, Sir Fox, here is thy Cub,  
 Whom were I King of beasts, a Knight I'de dub,  
 Take thine own young, and mine be pleas'd to spare,  
 I and my young ones, all thy servants are.

Mor.

*Poor folks have oft great opportunities  
 With rich men to be quit for injuries.*

F A B. 60.

*Of the Husbandman and the Stork.*

**T**He Geese and Cranes were taken in the Corn,  
 A Stork with them was taken, as forlorn  
 Was he, as they, although he hard did plead,  
 His Parents he did succour in their need,  
 And was the best of birds, as to good nature:  
 That would not serve his turn, the clown this Satyr  
 Return'd in answer, O Stork, you must die  
 For thou wert taken in their company.

Mor.

*Mor.* *Not to be found with Rakehels be you wary,  
For in some cases none are accessory.*

*F A B.* 61.

*Of the Cock and the Cat.*

**T**He Cock a Cat accus'd, folks could not sleep  
For his loud voice before the day did peep;  
And with his mother lay incestuously,  
That to devour him she might shew cause why.

*Mor.* *Surely that mans invention is but small,  
Can't find a stick to beat a dog withall.*

*F A B.* 62.

*Of the Shepherd and the Husbandman.*

**A** Shepherd-boy alarm'd the countrey round  
Crying a wolf, a wolf, when none was found;  
He divers times such false alarms gave,  
Wolf came at last, and he no help could have:  
Not to regard his cries he had them taught,  
Having alarmed them so oft for nought.

*Mor.* *This misery attend all Lyars doth,  
They're not believ'd when they do tell the truth.*

*F A B.* 63.

*Of the Eagle and the Crow.*

**F**rom a high Rock an Eagle did come down  
On a Lambs back, did not so much as frown

At his so doing, or shew discontent,  
 ('Tis not for Eagles for to compliment  
 And say by're leave, because they princes are,)  
 At this the crow began to gaze, and stare,  
 Thought he might do the same, on a Rams back  
 He gets, and rides, who cri'd what do you lack?  
 Arrested him, in whatsoever name,  
 A trespasser, for on his ground he came;  
 For to make me thy Als is too much pride,  
 Eagles on Lambs, not Crows on Rams, may ride,

*Mor.*  
*Do such things as thou canst, shew what is past*  
*Thy strength, a Cobler mayn't exceed his Last.*

F A B. 64.

*Of the envious Dog and the Ox.*

**A**N envious dog in a full manger lay,  
 Nor could himself, nor would let th' Ox eat hay.  
 Glad the Ox would have been this dog to beat,  
 Would neither eat himself, nor let him eat.

*Mor.*  
*Some will not suffer others to enjoy*  
*Those good things which themselves cannot imploy.*  
*Who keeps from others what there is no danger*  
*Of his own wanting, he's the dog ith' manger.*

F A B. 65.

*Of the Jack-daw and the Sheep.*

**A** Pratling Daw fate upon a Sheeps back,  
 Go ride upon a dog, quoth he, Sir Jack.  
 Jack-daw repli'd, he need not to be told  
 With whom he might, or he might not, be bold:

Had



Had I on Hedge-hog fat, or Porcupine,  
I'de fat on thorns, but thy soft place is mine.

Mor.

*Jack-daws dare ride on Sheep, but not on dogs;  
Curiousness, as to acceptance, clogs  
Men greatly, but is oft a great defence  
From harms, that light on patient innocence.*

F A B. 66.

*Of the Peacock and the Nightingal.*

**P**roud Peacock unto *Juno* made her moan  
The Nightingal sang sweetly, but her own  
Voice was ridiculous, *Juno* repli'd  
The equal Gods have voice to thee deni'd,  
But given thee curious plumes, for ornament,  
Considering that thou oughtst to be content.

Mor.

*Let no man envious be, and let none vaunt,  
Sith all some good things have, none all do want.  
He whom thou scornst, or enviest, excels thee,  
And by thy self again excell'd is he.*

F A B. 67.

*Of the old Weasel and the mice.*

**N**ow madam Weasel, weasel-fac'd was grown,  
And loss of former swiftness did bemoan;  
Hunt mice she could not, as in youthful days,  
Therefore bethought her self of other ways.  
No plot like lurking in a heap of meal,  
And there she caught the thieves that came to steal.  
Furnisht her self with store of pleasant meat,  
Eating up those, who thither came to eat.

Mor.

Mor.

Where th' Lyons skin falls short, piec's out we may  
 With the Fox-skin; who to his strength can's trust,  
 Must use his wits, and he shall find e're long  
 'Tis the same thing, for to be wise, as strong.

F A B. 68.

*Of the Country-man and the Appletree.*

**T**He City-Landlord's tree choice pippins bare,  
 The Tenant rost-meat cri'd who well did fare;  
 He to his Landlord carried of the best,  
 Which made him for to covet all the rest.  
 If that my Apple so transcendent be,  
 Thinks he, the fruit shan't serve, I'll have the tree.  
 The tree he had, and this befell the fruit,  
 Pluckt up, it withered, and bore no more fruit.

Mor.

Woe to the man has such a craving pannch  
 That nought will serve his turn, but root and branch.  
 Transplant the tree, and thou maist loose the fruit,  
 Trees often wither when pluckt up by th' root.  
 Take from thy cravings, add not to thy store,  
 Thou maist have nought perhaps, by craving more.

F A B. 69.

*Of the Lyon and the Frog.*

**W**hat noise was that did the stout Lion scare?  
 A Frog forsooth, was croaking unaware  
 As if a Cock had crow'd, at that he started:  
 And lookt as if he would have streight departed.  
 Forthwith he saw the Frog that vext his ears.  
 Crusht her, and said, Are you there with your bears?

Mor.

Mor.

*Knew we some things we dread, we should cry fye on  
Our cowardice, here a Frog scar'd a Lyon.  
Man's vainly timorous, and vainly bold,  
Fears, what he should not, fears not, what he should.*

F A B. 70.

*Of the Pismire.*

**A** Thirsty Ant into a well did fall,  
Dove threw a bough, and sav'd her therewithall;  
A Fowler came at length the Dove to steal,  
The thankful Pismire bit him by the heel.

Mor.

*Who in distress a faithful friend shall be,  
Shan't want a friend in his adversity.*

F A B. 71.

*Of the Peacock and the Magpy.*

**P** Eacocks fine tail made him the head of Fowls,  
And o expect it, but the Magpy scowls  
To see him King of Birds, whole headless tail,  
Come th' Eagle, was no fence against a snail.

Mor.

*Beauty, and wisdom twins not always are,  
They say some are but foolish that are fair.  
In case a Beauty govern, that's a block,  
Thereby he is but made a Gazing stock.  
He's wife, and great, that's fit to make a King;  
Beautie's a little, though a pretty thing.*

F A B.

## F A B. 72.

*Of the sick man and the Physician.*

Sick man on's legs was set, but he command  
 Drunkenness could not, and so he could not stand,  
 But soon relaps'd, then said th' Physician,  
 'Twas meer intemperance that kill'd this man.

Mor.

Bacchus and Venus lead men such a dance,  
 Or die they must, or leave intemperance.  
 That life may merry be, but short, I tell ye,  
 When a man is devoted to his belly.

## F A B. 73.

*Of the Lion and others.*

Twixt Lion, Ass, and Fox, a prey was took;  
 The Ass to the dividing was to look.  
 He, like himself, parts it in equal shares,  
 For that the Lion him in pieces tears.  
 The Fox saw that and therefore held it best  
 To have but a biny and give him all the rest.

Mor.

An Ass may teach a Fox how wise to be;  
 Happy is he whom others harms may see.  
 The Fox had been an Ass, if Gavel had  
 H' had stood upon, knowing the Lions mind.

## F A B. 74.

*Of the Kid and the Wolf.*

A Kid, a Wolf through a window did disgrace,  
 Said he, 'tis not the Kid, but the safe place.

Mor.

Mor.

Out of a window some dare show their head  
 To them, whom were their bodies out, they'd dread.  
 Men are made bold by certain times and places,  
 Who otherwise, dare hardly show their faces.

F A B. 75.

Of the Ass.

**T**He silly Ass did serve a Gardiner first,  
 And of his service to be free did thirst :  
 Next time a Bricklayer, who did load his back  
 With tiles (like roof of house) ready to crack ;  
 Prays for a third, thinking a worse than he  
 Can't come, but found the proverb true to be  
 That seldom comes a better, for infest  
 Him did the last much more than all the rest ;  
 For him, a Tanner, he could not abide,  
 Saying he'l flay my skin, and tan my hide.

Mor.

Folks restless are, and 'tis a common curse,  
 They that change often, oft change for the worse.  
 Four mates would turn one stomach, if 'twere squeazy ;  
 Some have been shock'd and, each time, more uneasy.

F A B. 76.

Of the old woman and the Maids.

**A**N ancient woman only had a Cock  
 To wake her servants, which serv'd for a clock,  
 Broke off their rest by it, by break of day ;  
 They did resolve to make the Cock away,  
 And did ; but then the mistress was so wise,  
 She caus'd her maids at midnight for to rise :

Who

Who seeing what was done, desired then  
 To have kept the cock, rather than the old hen.

Mor.

Old women are old birds, which catch with chaff  
 None can, as young folks projects they do laugh.  
 Some sink more into misery whilst they  
 Seek to get out, but take not the right way;  
 Cut off Cocks beads, the course which they have ta'en  
 Succeds soill, they wish u'm on again.

F A B. 77.

Of the Ass and the Horse.

**T**He Ass his case full sadly did bemoan,  
 Must carry all things, but flesh of his own;  
 Idle, and fat, the horse; but when that he  
 Heard Trumpets sound, a trooper he must be;  
 Then said the Ass, I now have no remorse,  
 I were an Ass, if I would be a horse.

Mor.

This little Fable surely serves to tell,  
 Most people know not when that they are well.

F A B. 78.

Of the Lyon and the She-goat.

**T**He climbing Goat upon a high Rock got;  
 There to remain the Lion wilst her not,  
 But into pleasant meadows to descend:  
 Who then shall me, from thee, said she, defend?

Mor.

He that bath so much wit as Goats have beard,  
 Won't think a Lion fit for to be beard,

*When he doth preach to Goats ; 'ware whose advice  
You take, or you'l be ruin'd in a trice.*

F A B. 79.

*Of the Vulture and other Birds.*

**A** Miser's feast the vulture seem'd to make,  
And would the little birds should all partake :  
A miserable feast 'twas, not a miser's ;  
Cost them their lives, because they were no wiser  
Than for to trust a hollow bird of prey ;  
Nor more sincere, than to keep his birth-day.

Mor.

*If that a Vulture make an invitation,  
Suspect there's treachery in that Collation :  
More courtesie, more craft ; when some invite  
They do it not in kindness, but in spight.*

F A B. 80.

*Of the Geese.*

**T**He Cranes, and Geese both met in one bad plot,  
The Cranes escap'd, the silly Geese did not :  
The bodties of the Geese were not so light,  
The Cranes less heavy, and more fit for flight.

Mor.

*Great bodies slowly move, rich men can't fly  
In time of war, then well fare poverty.*

## F A B. 81.

*Of Jupiter and the Ape.*

**V** Vhich had the fairest brood, *Jove* will'd to know,  
 Call'd Birds, and beasts, their young ones for to  
 Then came the Ape hugging her Cub in arm, (show:  
 Appeal'd to *Jove* its beauty was the charm:  
*Jove* smil'd at that, and almost laught out right;  
 So of its own, think best, doth every wight.

Mor.

*Crows think their Birds the fairest, everyone  
 Almost, is apt to think his Goose a Swan.*

## F A B. 82.

*Of the Oak and the Reed.*

**T** He Oak had no more wit than for to set  
 His strength against a reed, would had him met  
 To fight him, as if he would take the field  
 Against an oak, with spear of rush, no shield.  
 With *Boreas* encounter both, said he,  
 Let us, and he that stands, shall victor be.  
 They did, and then the oak came up by th' root,  
 But the Reed stood, which made spectators hoot.

Mor.

*Who gives the challenge, he is often beat,  
 And the Insulzor is made to retreat,  
 A Reed may stand in spite of Boreas,  
 When an Oaks blown up by the root alas.*

*More stout, less strong; 'tis good for to be meek:  
 More than thy match will make thee bend, or break.*



## F A B. 83.

*Of the Fisherman and the little Fish.*

**A** Little Fish beg'd hard to be let go,  
 And for the Fishers use to live, and grow :  
 I care not for thy plea, said he, one rush ;  
 One bird ith' hand is worth two in the bush.

Mor.

*Make sure of what thou hast, if a wise man ;  
 Let a fish go, and catch him when you can.*

## F A B. 84.

*Of the Pismire and the Grasshopper.*

**T**He Grasshopper, like Friar mendicant,  
 Came to the Pismire for some good provant :  
 At which the Pismire thus began to bristle,  
 Or work, or live by singing, or go whistle.

Mor.

*Who like the Grasshopper plays up and down,  
 Must naked go, or have but a green gown ;  
 Tea starve he must, or have provision scant :  
 Who so would live, must do as doth the Ant.*

## F A B. 85.

*Of the Lion and the Bull.*

**T**He roaring Bull for very fear did roar  
 Of the Goats horns, and frowns, which he no more  
 Had done than Giant little child would dread ;  
 But chac'd by Lion he was ill bestead :  
 But had the Lion absent been, I think  
 The Bull had made him worse than Goat to sink.

E 2

Mor.

Mor.

*Some creeping folks that's re no bedge can go,  
Yet trample will when e're the bedge is low.*

F A B. 86.

*Of the nurse and the Wolf.*

**A**N Infant cry'd, to th' Wolf I will thee throw  
Said th' nurse, with that, he tri'd to sleep to go.  
The Wolf heard th' Nurse, and thought that by and by  
His prey would come, but vainly did rely  
Upon her words, went back and said, we must  
Henceforward by no means a woman trust.  
Were *Æsop* such a man as most describe him,  
He might gibe women for sure they did gibe him.

Mor.

*If we may credit what this Author saith,  
A womans word is like the Publick saith.*

F A B. 87.

*Of the Tortoise and the Eagle.*

**T**He Tortoise always us'd to keep his shell,  
But now affects the Stars, more than his cell;  
An Eagle hires him on his back to mount  
To heaven, which done he calls him to account  
For his reward, who having nought to give,  
Quoth th' Eagle, Tortoise then thou shalt not live.  
Why should the Tortoise to the stars incline,  
Who's only fit midst glow-worms for to shine?

Mor.

*To live amongst the Stars (it has been tri'd)  
Some that aspir'd, amongst the Stars have di'd.*

Let every creature keep its Element and its equal reason still  
 If earth be it, be therewithall content.  
 With th' Globe Celestial they do not agree,  
 Of the terrestrial who were made to be.  
 Tortoises are more safe upon the ground  
 Than amongst glorious stars if they were found.

F A B. 88.

*Of the Crab-fishes, the old one and the young one.*

**H**Er Dam bid th' Crab-fish forward for to go;  
 Follow I will, said he, you'l first I throw.

Mor.

*Others with backward gate they mayn't upbraid,  
 All whose own motion is retrograde.*

F A B. 89.

*Of the Sun and the Northwind.*

**T**He Sun and wind did with each other vie,  
 Which of they two should get the mastery.  
 The Northwind ruffled, which the man his cloak  
 Made to gird close, but the Sun made him Smoak  
 With silent beams, yea to cast off the same,  
 Fearing that else he should be in a flame.

Mor.

*Fair means may do, when all foul proves too weak,  
 A cushion needful is a flint to break.*

F A B. 90.

*Of the Ass.*

**A**N Ass by chance a Lions skin put on,  
 Scar'd all the Cattle when he had so done:

E 3

His

His master sought the Afs that found the skin;  
 And knew the Afs to be an Afs within;  
 And his, for by his ears he that could tell:  
 Said he, for all thy skin, I know thee well.

Mor.

Seem what thou art, for why art vain, to seem a Lion,  
 To seem a Lyon if thou be an Afs.

88

FAB. 91.

Of the Frog and the Fox.

**L**eaving the Fens, the Fox turn'd Doctor brave;  
 (Though Doctors in the Fens most practice have)  
 'Twas sport alone to the old merry Fox,  
 A Frog should vie in skill with Bates, and Cae;  
 Frog, that about the mouth looks pale, and wan,  
 First cure your self, said he, Sir, if you can.

Mor.

He that can't cure himself may keep a potber,  
 But who will think that he can cure another?

FAB. 92.

Of the Dog that would bite.

**A** biting Cur had went a bell to wear,  
 That strangers his curst qualities might fear:  
 He thought that he did bear the bell away  
 For honours sake, but his master said nay.

Mor.

To the account of honour proud men place  
 Those things, which were intended for disgrace.

FAB.

FAB: 93.

*Of the Camel.*

**F**Or want of horns a Camel did complain  
 (Such as Bulls have) to the great Sovereign;  
 When that complaint (which few would make) he hears,  
 In stead of giving horns he crop his ears.

Mor.

*By which Ear-mark great Jove would let us see,  
 If some folks had their wills, they worse would be.*

FAB: 94.

*Of the two Friends and the Bear.*

**T**wo Friends a Bear did meet, one climb'd a tree  
 To get out of his reach, the other he  
 Met him full butt, and fell upon his face  
 Lying for dead, for Bears will not disgrace  
 Themselves with Carcasses; Bear, with his head  
 Lay close, and cheek by joal, trying, if dead,  
 He's dead quoth he, for why I cannot hear  
 Him breathe, although full close I lay my ear.  
 Wist not he held his breath, but went away.  
 And then his Friend from the tree top did say,  
 What was't thy friend did whisper in thine ears?  
 Trust not such friends, said he, lest you meet Bears.

Mor.

*The trial of a Friend's Adversity,  
 Fire parts what don't, more joyns what does agree.*

F A B. 95.

*Of the bald Knight.*

**A** Knight was bald, as Opportunity,  
 The Northwind made his Periwig to fly;  
 At that bald business some began to fear,  
 The worthy knight knew how to slight a year;  
 Since my own hair faith he did me forsake,  
 That others serve me so, I'll not ill take.

Mor.

*When we are play'd upon, 'tis ever best  
 Not to fall out, but fall in, with a jest.*

F A B. 96.

*Of the two Pots.*

**T**wo Pots were swimming, one was made of brass,  
 T' other of earth; the earthen cry'd Alas!  
 For *Terra filium* had the wit to know  
 He should be broke did they together goe.  
 Said Brazen-face I'll promise you shall not,  
 Clay answer'd, if we hit I must to pot,

Mor.

*Never associate with any Else  
 That loves thee not, and's stronger than thy self.*

F A B. 97.

*Of the Countrey man and Fortune.*

**A** Plow-man plowing found a goodly treasure,  
 To th' earth to pay his thanks, it was his pleasure.  
 Fortune exceptions took, for why she knew  
 Not to the earth, but her, thg thanks were due.

Had

Had you a treasure lost, saith he, then I  
Had been invoc'd, to find it fortunately.

Mor.

*Thanks must be paid where due, or we do worse ;  
And th' saddle always set on the right horse.*

F A B. 98.

*Of the Bull and the Goat.*

**T**He Bull by Lyon hunted came t' a Cave,  
From danger hoping shelter there to have,  
Th' insulting Goat kept him off with his horn ;  
At which the Bull did thus express his scorn,  
Were the dread Sovereign of beasts away,  
Spight of thy beard and horns thou wert my prey.

Mor.

*Who scorns his betters, when in woful streight,  
May chance repent it when it is too late.*

F A B. 99. Vide 81.

F A B. 100.

*Of the Peacock and the Crane.*

**O**ver the Crane the Peacock did insult, (mult)  
Boasting his plumes ; the Crane could not him  
Save only thus, saith he, I soar on high,  
Thou to a poor house-top canst hardly fly.  
None ought to boast themselves beyond their teathers  
I've the best wings though thou the finest feathers.

Mor.

*All are not Peacocks, that is, not so fine  
As they ; but wish some virtues all do shine.*

*Thou*

*Thou hast what others want, and thou want'st too  
What others have, to be proud will not do.*

*F A B I O N  
Of the Oak and the Reed.*

**I**N to a River by a Hurricane  
An Oak was thrown, it puzzled her again  
To see a puny Reed stand firm, and fast  
As if it could be master'd by no blast.  
Desir'd to know what might the reason be,  
Her answer was, it was by yielding the  
Maintain'd her standing, th' Oak was stiff, and stout,  
And thence with whirlwinds had such a tough bout.  
The Oak refus'd to bow, and so did break;  
Though 'twant so brave, she found it safe to sneak,  
And turn with every wind, like th' Weather-Cock,  
Else said she ne're had stood many a shock  
Which she had stood: who strives against the stream,  
And wind, and hopes to thrive, is in a dream.

*Mor.*

*Who stout, and sturdy are, fare like the Oak;  
They, like the Reed, who quickly are bespoke  
For to comply with reason, some don't stick  
To call Oaks honest but Reeds poltroon.  
Be honest and wise both, therefore take heed  
To be sometimes an Oak, sometimes a Reed.  
They shew themselves both wise, and honest folks  
Whose wills are Reeds, whose consciences are Oaks.*



*Of the Tyger and Fox.*

**W**Hen th' Hunter shot at beasts indifferently, **H**T  
Said th' Tyger, stand for all the rest will I.

A Fowler shot and hit the Braggadochia,  
Surely Said th' Fox thy Country is *Beetis*

Great Tyger, that thou hadst so little wit  
To wish the Hunter thee alone might hit.

This was not courage, herein thou wert tardy,  
Prudence, and courage meet, but thou'rt fool-hardy.

Further, said th' Fox, pray tell me if you can

Who wounded thee? I think it was a man

By the deep wound, said he, men us do watch;

It is their wit makes them our overmatch.

Mor.

*Strong men are rash, but further goes as length*  
*An Inch of wisdom than an Ell of strength.* **A**

*Of the Bulls and the Lion.*

**T**He King of beasts seeing four Bulls together,

Thought that eight horns at once he could not  
But two, by two, to master did not doubt, (weather,

Could he by any charm make them come out

One from another, some contrivance took

First to divide, and then to rule did look.

A mess of Bulls at once he could not tame,

One at a time he quickly overcame.

Mor.

*Had men the strength of Bulls (which they have not),*

*Let them divide, and they shall go to pot.*

FAB. 104.

*Of the Fir-tree and the Bramble.*

**T**He towring Fir-tree scorn'd the humble bush;  
 All things consider'd, he car'd not a rush:  
 For when, saith he, the fatal axe shall come,  
 You'l wish your highness, in my lowness room.

Mor.

*Men ought the less for to affect grandeur  
 Because a low estate is more secure.*

FAB. 105. Vide 83.

FAB. 106.

*Of the Bird and her young ones.*

**A** Bird her young ones left ith' corn a keeping;  
 Wist them to listen if they talkt of reaping:  
 At her return said they, the owner spake  
 To reap this field his neighbours should care take:  
 Fear nought as yet, said she; next hue and cry  
 His friends to reap it were, abroad did fly:  
 As yet we're well enough, said she, but when  
 His son and self were said t' intend to come.  
 Come now, said she, 'tis high time to be gone;  
 When folks mind their own business 'twill be done.

Mor.

*Trust th' Ostler for to feed thy horse, they say  
 Before that he has din'd he 'll take away.  
 It is the masters eye must fat the horse,  
 He must give him his oats, or he 'll fare worse.  
 Trust others with thy work, 'twill ne're be done,  
 'Tis all that men will doe, to mind their own.*

FAB.

F A B. 107.

*Of the Covetous man and the Envious man.*

**J**Ove to the Miser, and the envious man  
 Said, I'll grant your request, ask what you can,  
 Provided what one asks, the other double  
 To him shall have, which gave the miser trouble.  
 He could not think to ask enough, for why  
 All he could ask, was but a money.  
 The envious man declar'd it was his mind  
 To loose one eye, so th' miser might be blind.

Mor.

*A covetous man ne're thinks he has enough,  
 He that is envious, is most as nuff  
 That others have: that which gives him a feast,  
 Is not when he has most, but others least.*

F A B. 108. *vide Of the Lyon and He-goat.*

F A B. 109.

*Of the Crow and the Pitcher.*

**T**He thirsty Crow did water want, not wit  
 The water lying deep to come at it.  
 Either the pot must fall, or th' water rise,  
 The first he could not make, then did devise  
 To raise the water higher, for he cast  
 In pibbles, and so did effect the last.

Mor.

*Small strength and stature serve if there be wis;  
 Else steeple-height will not compensate is.*

F A B.

## FABLE.

Of the Lyon and the Painter.

**W**Hether the Beasts or Lyons King were strongest,  
 He held a strong debate, though none of th' longest.  
 Lion's the King of beasts, man Lions King,  
 Yet thought the Lyon strength's another thing.  
 I may be stronger than my King, thought he,  
 Nay, quoth the man, I'll prove you weaker be.  
 Come see the Picture of your common hap,  
 A Lion's sever'd head in a mans lap.  
 Thanks to the Painter, quoth the Lyon then,  
 If we were Painters we would so serve men,  
 (Painting a mans head in a Lyons paw)  
 Paint what you please that won't keep us in awe.

*This Fable is so plain, we may soon spell it,  
 Every man's told is good, if he may tell it.  
 Who to himself cannot a good word give,  
 Surely doth by the worst of neighbours live.  
 If his own Limner any woe may do,  
 The best of features give himself will be.*

## FABLE. III.

Of the Boy, and the thief.

**A** Thief a boy saw crying at a well,  
 What made him cry desir'd him for to tell.  
 There's gold ith' case said he, for a rope brake,  
 Pitcher of gold'sell in, it is for its sake.  
 I cry: is crying all a dole no more mind her  
 Thinks he, I'll strip my self, and turn Gold-finder.

He

He div'd, and finding none, up again came,  
 But then his coat was lost, he was to blame  
 The boyes gold for to cover (though remote)  
 But in pursuit thereof he lost his coat  
 As well as mist the gold, he would have thiev'd it  
 So oft deceivers are themselves deceiv'd.

Mor.

*Knaves with their match sometimes do chance to meet,  
 Here a young knave outwitted an old cheat;  
 If he no cloak had for his knavery,  
 A coat he had of a thief that past by.  
 Who stript himself for to dive for his gold,  
 That done, he mean time with his coat made bold.*

FAB. 112.

*Of the Countrey-man, and the Bullock.*

**N**O ties, no yokes a Bullock could subdue,  
 Do what the Plowman could still out he flew;  
 He cropt his horns, for he had wont to strike,  
 Do so again said he, as that you like;  
 Fearing his feet, put him into a plow,  
 Now play more tricks, said he, if you know how;  
 Shuffling his feet, he cast about the sand  
 Upon his face, his head, his eyes, his hand.

Mor.

*He is a man of great renown and name,  
 Who a wild beifer does know how to tame:  
 Some folks we cannot govern for our ears,  
 They have as many tricks as dancing bears.*

FAB.

*Of the Satyr and the Traveller.*

**A** Hairy Satyr (they, as Poets sing,  
 Are Gods of woods and Groves) did a kind thing;  
 A traveller was almost dead with cold,  
 Him he'd take home to his own house he told;  
 And did, they heap good fires (the woods are theirs)  
 Made much of him, but something did break squares  
 Betwixt them, and 'twas this, he blew his hand,  
 Of which the cause the Satyr did demand:  
 It is faith he, that I may make it warm,  
 He spake it honestly, and meant no harm.  
 But by, and by, his barley he did blow,  
 The cause of which the Satyr would needs know;  
 To cool my barley I do use my breath,  
 Said he; thou shalt pack hence, as sure as death.  
 Thou hast a very false mouth of thy own,  
 For thou to blow both hot and cold art known.  
 Get hence false loon, double tongue, errand knave you,  
 You can't stay here, I know not where to have you.

Mor.

*Trust not a man if credibly you're told,  
 His manner is for to blow hot and cold.*

*Of the Boar, and the Country-man.*

**A** Boar that trusted too much to his tusks,  
 Would feed on corn, and no more live on husks.  
 It cost him both his ears, (not at once twain)  
 He lost one the first time, then came again:

'Ware

'Ware the third time, the Bear-like A's or Mule  
 Would not observe, though 'tis a common rule.  
 With his cropt ears a third time came the noddy  
 And then the Tenant quickly seiz'd his body,  
 And to his Landlords table did present him,  
 For it had been in vain t' have only shent him.  
 For he could take no counsel for his ears,  
 For they were lost, and he still void of fears.  
 One would have thought this bear all heart had been,  
 Yet as they say, no heart of his was seen  
 When he was brought unto his Landlords table,  
 Which made his Landlord greatly chide and squabble;  
 Where is his heart said he, there are heart-stealers  
 Too many, I have met with some such dealers.  
 He had no heart the Countrey-man repli'd,  
 Or it ne're liv'd, nor it before him di'd.  
 Though hearts they say, live first, and last do die,  
 Him void of heart spake his simplicity;  
 Would not be warn'd when both his ears in pawn  
 Were had, which shew'd had he a heart 'twas brawn.  
 Hearing him say it had no heart, each guest  
 Burst out a laughing, but w' have lost the jest,  
 We heart for wisdom don't in English take;  
 He had no head, if so, our jest must make.

Mor.

*Some are so void of courage, and of parts,  
 It may be thought they've neither heads nor hearts.*

F A B. 115.  
*Of the Bull, and the Mouse.*

**A** Creeping mouse did bite a Rampant Bull  
 Upon his feet, with indignation full,

F

He

He shook his stately head, and dismal horns,  
 Could not come at the enemy he scorns;  
 For he into a mouse-hole could not creep,  
 Where the small mouse in a whole skin did sleep.  
 What he would do if he could catch the mouse;  
 Safe in his hole, he did not take care a louse.

Mor.

Despise not an unlikely enemy,  
 He whom thou scorn'st, may get the victory.

F A B. 116.

Of the Countrey-man and Hercules.

**A** Countrey-man whose Cart stuck in the dirt,  
 Calling on Hercules receiv'd this flurt;  
 Fool, whip thy horse, and shoulder up thy wheels,  
 For Hercules won't lacquey at the heels  
 Of idle drones, be thou a good Pains-taker,  
 If thy Cart won't wag, Hercules will make her.

Mor.

To this pass all must come, there is no doubt,  
 To lie in' dirt, or take pains to get out.  
 It is in vain for those who swim in ease  
 For to cry out help, O help Hercules.

F A B. 117.

Of the Goose.

**A** Certain Hen some golden eggs did lay;  
 Thinking she was a mine, the owner slay  
 Her did, hoping to find her belly full  
 Of eggs, and his own too; his hopes were null:  
 Having so done he afterwards did need her,  
 He found no eggs, and he had lost the breeder.

Mor.

1

Mor.



Mor.

Let no man hasten too much to be rich,  
 Blind puppies are produc'd by lusty bitch.  
 He that goes so to work; the question begs;  
 Who kills the Hen, must look for no more Eggs.

FAB. 118. vide

FAB. 119.

*Of the Ape and her two Cubs.*

**A**N Ape had twins; she dearly did love one,  
 Seem'd not to care if t' other were undone.  
 There came a fright, her darling in her arm  
 She took brim full of care, t' might take no harm.  
 The other like unto a Pedlers pack  
 Or beggars brat, she fastned to her back.  
 She made more haste, it seemed, than good speed,  
 So spoyl'd the Cub she lov'd more than she need:  
 Dasht him against a cragg'd rock, until  
 His brains gush'd out, full sore against her will.  
 That on her back, was safe as safe could be,  
 A Jolly Cub, not like a twin was he.

Mor.

It is no slander to charge Love with blindness,  
 Doubtless not a few folks are kill'd with kindness:  
 So the Ape hugs her young ones e'ne to death,  
 And so embraceth them she stops their breath.  
 The children parents don't regard a fiddle,  
 Are usually those that are in the middle;  
 Whom so good fortune many times attends,  
 They need not care a fiddle for their friends.

F a

FAB.

F A B. 120. *Of the Ox, and the Steer.*

**A**N aged Ox was toyling at the plow,  
 Whom th' wanton heifer saw I know not how;  
 Revil'd him sorely, Plow-jogger quoth he,  
 Not for a million L'de in thy case be;  
 I frisk about the Pastures, live at ease,  
 Despise all yokes, and bands, do what I please:  
 Thou'rt like a ragged Colt, I smooth, and slick;  
 Do nothing else but eat, and wince, and kick.  
 The prudent Ox thought then few words were best,  
 To pass it by, as if he spake in jest;  
 Soon after came the heifer with a halter,  
 About his neck, marching towards the Altar.  
 This seen, the Ox did thus the Steer accost  
 If this be all, you have no cause to boast;  
 To have thy ease and liberty I wils,  
 Is no such purchase if it come to this.

Mor.

*Of ease and wantonness there comes no good;  
 If what it ends in be well understood,  
 It will be seen at last that they are broke,  
 Not who put on, but who cast off the yoke.*

F A B. 121. *Of the Dog and the Lion. vide 102.*

F A B. 122.

*Of the Fishes.*

**W**Hat made the fresh fish vaunt their pedigree  
 Above all fishes that do use the Sea

Is hard to say, but in Nobility  
 They did pretend all Sea-fish to outvie,  
*Phocas* took't ill, an Emperour of that name  
 Had been, and he did look to be the same  
 Amongst the fishes, estimate the rise  
 Of each we will, said he, by th' Market-price.  
 Expose to sale the Seal, and River fish  
 At once, said he, which sells for the best dish,  
 Accounted be the noblest of the two;  
 If that will not, I know not what will do:  
 To bring this business fairly to an end  
 He that is cheapest let no more pretend  
 To be the best the best, men dearest buy,  
 Our best appeal is to *vox populi*.

Mor.

If men were their own judges, every man  
 Were best: but surely he is best that can  
 Approve himself to mankind to be such,  
 Whom most vote so, no person ought to grutch.

F A B. 123.

*Of the Libbard and the Fox,*

**A** Libbard, Lady-like, was proud of spots,  
 He better might, for black ones are but blots,  
 His Eremin like, his purely natural,  
 Their's more like dirt, and artificial.  
 He thought himself of all the beasts the best,  
 Despis'd them all, Lyons amongst the rest:  
 Then said the Fox thy beauty's in thy skin  
 Give me that beauty which doth lodge within.  
 Thy beauty-spots thy wretched folly stains,  
 Thou hast some beauty but the Fox more brains.

F 3

Mor.

Mor.

*There are degrees it must be understood  
Of goodness in those things which we count good.  
Health's before wealth, and wisdom before beauty,  
That Venus yield to Pallas is her duty.*

FAB. 124. vide 123.

FAB. 125.

*Of the Fox and the Cat.*

**R**eynard's a subtle youth, a witty wag,  
But of a Haire, some say, is apt to brag.  
Mountebank-like, what tricks himself could show  
He boasted, and desir'd Dame Puss might know;  
A while sat still Puss in her Majesty:  
Then said, (Sr. Fox) one only trick have I,  
She quickly shew'd it, for a pack of hounds  
Came by soon after, as they went the rounds;  
She quickly whipt into a lofty tree  
That did her work, for there full safe was she.  
Whilst Fox though full of tricks, as dancing bears,  
Could not escape the hounds not for his ears.  
From the tree top she call'd, good Reynard wrastle  
With me no more I'm now in Baynards castle,  
Thou'rt gone to th' dogs, thine be no Arsenal,  
Puss hath one dog-trick, that is worth 'um all.

Mor.

*One trade that's good is worth a many small trades,  
He's seldome rich, who is a Jack of all trades,  
Give me not many Mouse-traps but one mouser  
Is worth 'um all, that will bestir and rouse her,  
To multitudes as such, a foot consents,  
One good one's worth a thousand arguments.*

FAB.

*Of the King and the Apes.*

**S**ome Apes to dance a King of Egypt taught,  
 To do it very neatly, they were brought;  
 Were clad in purple robes, put in disguise,  
 They went for boys, none could see otherwise,  
 Till an Arch-crack that had a power of nuts  
 In's pocket, thought to try them by their guts.  
 Threw them amongst them, now my masters scramble  
 For this fine banquet, that was his preamble,  
 They quickly stript themselves, and went to work  
 And then the Ape appear'd, before did lurk.  
 At this the people all began to fear  
 Apes will be apes so soon as nuts appear,  
 A Jack an Apes, who rides like some great Count,  
 On a bears back, for nuts shall soon dismount.

Mor.

*What Art doth come as with a fork to scatter,  
 To rake together nature makes no matter,  
 Nature suppress't, first, or last, out will burst;  
 The second nature will yield to the first.  
 Nature's stout up in custome, as kernell  
 In shells enclos'd, temptation breaks the shell.*

*Of the Asss and the Travellers.*

**T**wo Asses in a Defart, caught a third,  
 And each to make it his himself bestur'd;  
 'Tis mine said one, I took it, so did I  
 Said t' other, Fortune gave it equally,

'Tis much they thought not to divide the Afs,  
Each would have all, great pity 'twas alas.  
The Afs less Afs than they seeing their strife,  
Gave them the ship and ran as for his life.

Mor.

*Thus it doth fare with men when one they fall,  
About their parting stakes, that both loose all.*

FAB. 128.

*Of the Fishermen.*

**A**Ll's Fish with fishermen that comes to net;  
Fishing, some Tortoises they chanc'd to get.  
Made hungry by the water, so they fall  
Aboard of them, as who de eat shells and all.  
It seems their eyes were bigger than their belly  
For they had almost forfeited, I tell you.  
And several yet were left, though a conceit  
They had, that more than all they could have eat.  
As this was doing, by past Mercury,  
May't please your Godship, for so do as we,  
Said they to him; he saw they had enough  
If not too much; and thereupon took snuff:  
They should invite him, for no other thing  
Than to preserve themselves from forfeiting.  
'Twas a raw complement, and no more boyl'd  
Than theirs, that say, eat this lest it be spoyl'd  
Or lest we spoyl our selves eating too much,  
Who all but overplus do seem to grutch.

Mor.

*Gods won't accept mens leavings, feed on scraps,  
Who serve them so may feel their thunder claps.*

FAB.



F A B. 132. vide 113.

F A B. 132. vide 106.

F A B. 133.

Of the Birds and the Owl.

**T**He little birds, the graver owl advise,  
 Though he from *Asbew* came, and should be wise,  
 And so he was (though he look'd like an owl  
 (That's like himself) and so are some that scowl  
 And look ill favour'dly, which makes some say  
 'Tis pittie they should e're be seen by day.)  
 Good sweet-fac'd Owl, say they, lodge not in roof  
 Of house, for it were far more thy behoof  
 To lodge in trees, take to the Royal oak  
 Be thou secure from danger and from smook.  
 The falling-sickness I have not I trow,  
 Said he, o'th Oak I need no missektor.  
 That is the plant wherewith men undermine us,  
 Give epileptick folks, *viscus quercinus*.  
 Mag Howlet gave good counsel and bestir'd  
 Her self, as well became *Minerva's* bird.  
 But the birds took the counsel, which they gave;  
 They in a tender oak, their nests would have.  
 The Oak grew up, and therewith grew their snare,  
 Of which the silly birds were not aware,  
 Until such time as in the Limbe they stuck,  
 And by no means their feet from thence could pluck;  
 And then they wist their nests in roof of house,  
 Or in a little hole with any mouse.  
 Rather than there, or in an Ivy-bush;  
 Touching the Oak they were all still and hush,

They



They had been very mad and conceited  
 But th' Plaster to their feet had cur'd their head.  
 Then Senior Owl was counted their Apollo,  
 His words an Oracle for them to follow.  
 Then the birds vote, as oft as they do meet  
 The Owl, him, with much complement to greet;  
 Which is the reason why they flock about him,  
 To pay him homage not to fear and flout him.  
 Nay further they agree'd, we may conjecture,  
 To make the owl, his highness, their Protector.

Mor.

*Owls must be hearkened to, they see by night,  
 Though others cannot see but when 'tis light.  
 Things must be took in time, too late will be  
 To fly when stuck in lime, Rig Ships, at Sea;  
 A man is happy if good warning make him  
 Fly from an Oak before the bird-lime take him.*

P. A. B. 134.

*Of the Gourd and the Pine-tree.*

**A**N upstart Gourd grew neay to a great Pine,  
 Said to him, the preheminnence is mine,  
 In leaves, and flowers, and fruits I do excell  
 My neighbour Pine, his greenness knows full well;  
 Us'd him at pleasure, crept into his branches,  
 O'retopt him, and in injuries further launches.  
 The patient Pine was by this time provok'd,  
 Now speak he must, or else he must be choak'd  
 With endless taunts, good Gourd, be not so loud  
 Said he, you have no such cause to be proud:  
 Alas you sprang up but the other day  
 Come nipping weather, wither soon you may.

And

And must, whereas the Pine, time out of mind  
 Hath kept its verdure, spight of frost and wind,  
 Summer, nor winter, heat nor cold could blast  
 The Pine, whereas thy beauty won't long last:  
 Thou wilt come blewly off, after one frost  
 Thy greenness and thy glory will be lost.

Mor.

Such as the boasting Gourd is every Scoundrel,  
 Who lately started up but from the daughill;  
 Now better men than they would seem to be  
 Who from the Conqueror fetch their pedigree:  
 Whose ancient families have kept their fame,  
 For many ages, and are still the same;  
 Whereas some who in hasty Estates have gotten,  
 May find the Proverb true, soon ripe soon rotten.

F A B. 135.

Of the Crow and the Wolves.

**A** Crow the Wolves did far and near attend,  
 (A serving-man in black) this was the end.  
 When th' Wolves were full of prey, they gave him none  
 Though he beg'd earnestly, when all was done  
 In hope of prey, we had thy company  
 Said they, thou wouldst eat us if we should die.  
 Nay was it not in hope thou shouldst survive  
 And eat us dead, whom thou couldst not alive?  
 To relieve thee's no charity I trow,  
 Eat dirt, no carrion will kill a crow.

Mor.

It every one bebovesh to attend  
 Not to his actions only, but his end;  
 For why, this point of wisdom all are taught,  
 Not to accept their Ails whose ends are naught.

F A B. 136, 137. Vide F A B. 21. and 40.

F A B.

Bartholomew, Dolphin back to land  
 Was safely carried, 1892 B.C.  
 Of *Arion* and the Dolphin.

**A** *Rion* was a Fidler of renown,  
 The King of *Corinth* lov'd him as his crown;  
 Yet he from thence to *Sicily* would go  
 And *Italy*, those countreys for to know.  
 Ravish'd all people, wherefoe'er he came  
 With his rare notes, and got himself a name;  
 And gold, and silver, to a mighty sum;  
 Then back again to *Corinth* he would come;  
 Inexorable fates no musick charms,  
 The musical *Arion* meets with harms;  
 His notes might chain mens ears, but not their hands;  
 Money subjects him, which all things commands,  
 To th' Avarice of greedy marriners,  
 Kill him they would his money might be theirs;  
 He gave them all he had, besought that he  
 Might live; got leave to leap into the sea  
 With his cloaths on, but first like dying Swan  
 Might sing one song, to chear him if it can.  
 Seamen love musick, and they gave him leave  
 To sing, and play, it was but a reprieve.  
 He must to water go, that liv'd by Air,  
 Notes above *Elas* made the Seamen stare;  
 Such were the *Orphean* notes which he did sing,  
 Which their hard hearts to spare him could not bring.  
 Rais'd by his fiddle, since it so must be,  
 He boldly threw himself into the Sea.  
 Girt as he us'd with's fiddle in his hand,  
 A courteous Dolphin brought him safe to land;  
 The Seamen made no doubt but in the deep  
*Arion* with his fiddle lay asleep.

But

But he on Dolphins back to *Tenarus*  
Was safely carried, as on *Pegasus* :  
From thence *Arion* unto *Corinth* went,  
King *Periander* for to complement ;  
First kist his hand, then told him by and by,  
The Dolphins kindness scame as cruelty.  
The King could not believe one of the twi,  
But said *Arion* should to prison goe,  
For so imposing on his friend a King,  
Until he better understood the thing.  
Sent for the Marriners (his Subjects, they  
Were all) *Arion* least in sight did play :  
Whilst he examin'd them of what they knew  
Touching *Arion*, who said it was true.  
He was in *Italy* in great request,  
Belov'd of all, kept company with the best.  
Rich to a Proverb, in their own defence,  
They said they left him there when they came thence.  
Out stept *Arion* hearing them say so,  
Whom by his harp and habit they did know.  
The same with which into the sea he leapt,  
The Seamen could into a mouse-hole crept  
For fear, and shame, and nothing could reply  
For then it was too late for to deny.  
That it was he, the world could not gain-say  
Did he but sing one song, one lesson play.

Mor.

This tells some brutes have more humanity  
Than men, who nought but money deify  
Who can be rich and safe ? riches they say,  
Will make a very *Orpheus* a prey :  
Or an *Arion* spight of melody.  
Most strangely comes to light mans villany.

FAB.

1394  
*Of the Spider and the Gout.*

**T**He Gout and Spider met upon the rode,  
 In the same town they both made their abode;  
 Spider whom Pride no less than poison swells,  
 Thought rich mens houses were the only cells  
 Fit for a person of his quality,  
 And told the Gout o'ne quarter there will L.  
 There he set up his looms and fell to work,  
 Was so secure, he fear'd nor Pope nor Turk;  
 There he was weaving webs, had great affinity  
 With airy Schoolmens over-nice divinity:  
 Till new broom came, which they say clean doth sweep,  
 Then he his quarters could not longer keep.  
 For to give over working he is made,  
 Though once there was an Emperor of his trade;  
 He meets with many a brush, and many a check,  
 Scap'd narrowly the breaking of his neck.  
 Thrown down from high roof'd houses like *Pauls Beggs*,  
 Sorely affronted before all the people;  
 The Gout was got into a poor mans hutch,  
 There the tormentor was tormented much.  
 Truth is, was almost starv'd, nor bed nor board  
 Fit for so tender guest, he could afford:  
 Like prisoner he was fed with bread and water,  
 Laid upon boards and straw, enough to slaughter  
 One that had limbs as soft as any silk,  
 That call'd for Poultrisses of bread and milk;  
 They were so sore with great pain and hard travel,  
 But there he lay as he had lain on gravel,  
 Spider and Gout the next day met again  
 And told sad stories, where they each had lain,

Such

Such as were told before, thought how they might  
Their quarters mend, before another night.

Vexation which doth understanding give,  
Told them that spiders must with poor men live;

The Gout with rich Spiders were safe in Hatches,  
And Gouts us'd kindly when in rich mens clutches; **T**

They did but shift their lodgings both were well,  
And better how to be they could not tell.

The Gout went next into a rich mans hall,  
And found the master very complemental.

Though he came limping in, not like a Cripple;  
Was he there us'd, the Master far from grapple.

He found towards him, he spar'd for no cost,  
As who should say he fear'd he might have lost.

So good a guest, had he not been so kind,  
But always to enjoy him was his mind.

If hold him by the teeth he might to eat,  
He should not grudg him, the best of all meat.

Call for his drink he might, Clares, or Sack,  
Or Hippocras, or what he seem'd to lack.

(If Clares and red-herring cure a cold,  
And hoarseness, Gout with Clares may be bold)

'Twere endless to tell all, but in a word,  
The rich man us'd his Gout like any Lord.

The Spider in his Cottage sped as well,  
He to the Gout when they next meet did tell;

(Perhaps it was a Brother weavers flye,  
Who for that cause might like his company.)

He said his Landlord kept no mighty table,  
For being poor said he, he is not able:

Nor for to see much meat doth please my eyes,  
Let me but have my belly full of flies.

For they are meat and cloth as all can tell  
To me, and there's enough where I do dwell.

When

When I reduced am to lowest ebb  
 Of them I can make meat, and also webs :  
 Both as to force and fraud I'm free from fear,  
 There's not a besom stirring all the year ;  
 There I can safely make and safely mend,  
 For one poor man another will defend :  
 I do not care for waincoat as do some,  
 For I do hang my room where-e're I come ;  
 This said, the conference came to this event,  
 They made a bargain to their joynt content :  
 The Spider should in cottages abide,  
 And the Gout amongst rich men should reside ;  
 And so it hath continued ever since,  
 Spiders a Peasant, and Gout is a prince.

Mor.

*What this same Fable meant to know who pleases,  
 Consider must that rich men feed diseases ;  
 They pamper agues and make much of Gout,  
 Whereas your poor men use to starve them out.  
 Again each soil doth not withall agree  
 Alike, one's meat may t'others poison be.  
 Rather than Venison some will fall to pottage,  
 And some to Palaces prefer a Cottage.*

F A B. 140.

*Of the mouse that was bred in a Chest.*

**A** Mouse had always liv'd wth'in a chest,  
 There was a stock of nuts, she lik'd her nest :  
 Once she peak'd over, and chanc'd to fall down,  
 Found as good chear as was in all the town ;  
 Thinks she a fool was I to make abode  
 Within a chest, there's better food abroad.

G

Mor.

(22)  
Mor.

Some think that far from home they can't live well,  
Cockneys would be within sound of Bow-bell;  
But they that mean unto estates to come,  
Sometimes like Foxes must hunt far from home:  
Folks wish not for the things they never knew,  
As what the eye don't see the heart don't rue.

F A B. 141.

Of the Countrey-man that had obtain'd that Wheat  
might grow without beards.

**W**Heat is called Ceres, Ceres with a beard  
Seems strange, a bearded womans seldom heard:  
That wheat had beards the Rustick did bemoan,  
Shall Ceres have a beard, Apollo none?  
But the true cause was this, Wheat's scrobbed beard  
So pricly was, the good man was affraid  
To touch it, therefore beardless he would have her,  
But in so wishing prov'd but but a mad shaver.  
With much adoe, wheat without beards to grow  
He did obtain, repented it was so:  
For then came birds and did the wheat devour,  
The beard of wheat its fortress is and tower;  
I mean its safeguard, that once lost and gone,  
The birds will beard it when it wants its own.

Mor.

Bear with small faults or you must bear with greater;  
There's pain, but much more profit in Calibeter,  
The prickly parts of things keeps off the birds,  
(Would rob, not give us so much as the birds;)   
Shells preserve nuts, though troublesome to crack,  
But for the beards we wheat its self should lack.

To



*'Tis better to endure in Lawyers sense  
 A mischief than an inconvenience;  
 They that blame pain sometimes complain of ease,  
 Gout's now and then a seasonable disease.*

F A B. 142.

*Of the Hawk that pursu'd the Pigeon.*

**A** Hawk with eager flight pursu'd a dove,  
 Took by a Farmer, beg'd him of all love  
 To let him goe, he had done him no hurt,  
 The Hawk did plead, the answer was but curt  
 Nor the Dove thee, I know 'twas thy intent,  
 To kill him though thou knewst him innocent.

Mor.

*They're justly punish'd from whom no defence  
 Can be obtained by folks innocence,  
 Take birds of prey, be were a very wigeon  
 Would spare a Hawk, a hawk won't spare a pigeon.*

F A B. 143.

*Of the Spider and the Swallow.*

**A** Spider at a swallow did take per,  
 Who now and then some of his flyes did get,  
 A fellow-commoner she did not love,  
 That hindred them from being hand and glove.  
 It'h' love of flyes consenting for to be  
 They hapned, and therefore could not agree;  
 So in one third they happening for to be  
 Agreeing, for that cause could not agree;  
 The Spider spread his Cobweb-nets to catch  
 The Swallow, so soon as he drew the latch

All the door over, then the swallow came,  
 Such slender threads such a bird could not tame.  
 He brake his looms (as power a press might break)  
 Then for a dwelling, spider was to seek:  
 Hung in the air, and thought himself undone  
 Till from his bowels a new house were spun.

Mor.

*At weak attempts all wise folks do but laugh,  
 Old birds they say will not be caught with chaff:  
 Let no man think that he may enterprise  
 For to catch Swallows, who can catch but flies.*

F A B. 144.

*Of the Countrey-man that was to pass over a River.*

**A** River swell'd with showers, a Countrey-man  
 Sought to pass over, where he safely can;  
 And where he found the waters were most still  
 There is the ford thinks he, there pass I will.  
 But had the wit the waters first to sound,  
 And where most still there them most deep he found;  
 But found them shallowest where they roar'd like seas;  
 Said, lowdest waters are past with most ease.

Mor.

*At wordy enemies wise men have laugh,  
 'Tis the still sow that eats up all the draught;  
 Anger that makes a noise is found but light,  
 A barking dog they say do's seldome bite:  
 They're not so bitter that are not so grave.  
 Your silent natures fester malice have.*

F A B.

F. A. B. 145.

*Of the Pigeon and the Magpy.*

**M** Agpy would know why doves one nest would keep  
Where their young in a whole skin could not  
The Dove spake like her self, shew'd no cause why (sleep,  
But this, 'tis long of our simplicity.

Mor.

*This false conceit oft spoils the innocent,  
Who mean no hurt, do think no hurt is meant,*

F. A. B. 146.

*Of the Cuckow and the Hawk.*

**A** Hawk the fordid Cuckow did abuse,  
That for his diet he earth-worms would use;  
Big as himself, in colour not unlike him  
That he'd not fly at birds he could e'ne strike him:  
Great Booby as he was, himself ate Pigeons,  
Cuckows to feed on earth-worms were meer wigcons;  
Cuckow past by, soon after saw the Hawk  
Hanging so plain, the sight he could not bawk;  
From a high tutret, and good reason why,  
He was condemned for his Robbery.  
Pigeons he lov'd and those he us'd to steal,  
Then to th' surviving hawks he did appeal,  
Should we not to our appetites give check,  
Rather than venture to hang by the neck?  
Give me to live in safety on a Heath;  
You birds of prey dig your graves with your teeth.

Mor.

*A thief's the hawk, a merry life though short  
He doth affect, he cannot eat an ort;*

G 3

Freck

Feed high he must on those things he loves most,  
 He'll have some hollow birds what're they cost;  
 Take what's thine own, this saying oft rehearse,  
 Better eat Neck-beef than come to neck-verse.

F. A. B. 147.

## Of the Ass and the Calf.

**A**N Ass and Calf well sorted for their wit,  
 To feed together in one Pasture hit,  
 By sound o'th trumpet knew an enemy  
 Approaching was, said th' Calf now let us fly;  
 Then said the Ass to th' Calf, thou art good meat,  
 Fly thou, thee if they catch they'll kill and eat:  
 I for my part will here make my abode,  
 Whoe're I serve I shall have but my load.

Mor.

Masters if they prove Captives loose their will,  
 Vassals if taken are but vassals still:  
 Servants in time of war have less disaster,  
 They can but drudge whoever be their master.

F. A. B. 148.

## Of the Fox and the women that eat the Hens.

**A** Fox that saw some women Gossiping  
 With hens, and eggs that might besit a King  
 (To see such sights, we need no long way wander)  
 They say, that's good for Goose, that's good for gander)  
 Call'd unto them and said should I so fare,  
 How all the Dogs would bark and tear?  
 You rogue said one 'tis fit you should have none,  
 You steal both eggs and hens, we eat our own.

Mgr.

(87)  
Mor.

*Who have it of their own may eat the best,  
But they that have it not, mayn't use to feast.*

F A B. 149.

*Of the fat Capons and the lean one.*

**V**Whipt Chickens or whipt Capons had a man  
Upon a time, (some fat 'em that way can)  
All saving one, as fat as fat could be,  
A very Rascall of his body be,  
This poor lean Rascall all the rest abuse,  
Thought him not worthy for to wipe their shoes;  
Then came the Misers feast, the fat must die,  
The lean one was a meer Anatomy,  
And so he scap'd, it often happens that  
'Tis better to be lean, than to be fat.

Mor.

*'Tis sometimes safer to be cheap than dear,  
And good sense, well-fare nothing once a year.*

F A B. 150.

*Of the piece of Timber and the Oxen that drew it.*

**A** Load of Elme which certain Oxen drew,  
Took it unkindly upon the review  
Of what themselves had for the oxen done  
In days of yere, (those days were past and gone)  
When that the Oxen upon their green boughs  
Had leave, and liberty to graze, and browle  
That they should drag them through the dirt and mire,  
Pardon from th' Elms the Oxen did desire:  
Full sore against our wills we draw this cart  
They say, our groans may show, it breaks our heart.

G 4

Mor.

Mor.

*Who injures thee full sore, against his mind,  
Think him unhappy, think him not unkind.*

F A B. 151.

*Of the goodly trees and the ill-favour'd one.*

**T**Here was a parcel of most curious trees,  
Both rare for use and every eye to please;  
A dwarf amongst them whose deformity  
Made him a scorn, they say, to every eye.  
Spirit of building on the owner fell,  
A fatal spirit as the Welch-men tell.  
Down goes the trees that tall and handsome were,  
And fit for building, the dwarf had no fear  
But he might stand, and did, for none would take him  
His ugliness a meer eye-sore did make him.  
Then said the dwarf nature I must not blame,  
Had I been handsome I had ru'd the same.

Mor.

*With homeliness to be content's a duty,  
Some have seen cause for to repent their beauty.*

F A B. 152.

*Of the Swan that sang at her death and was  
blam'd by the Stork.*

**A** Stork was by, and heard a dying Swan  
Sing better than in health, they use, or can,  
Thought it was then no time for him to sing,  
For death most count is no such pleasant thing;  
Wouldst know the cause she said now of my cares?  
I grow towards an end, and of my snares.

Mor.

*We came from dust and must go back to dirt,  
Some folks by death are much more fear'd than hurt;*

Black,

Black Swans they say have seldom seen the light, I doubt not  
 Well may they sing us death that are pure white  
 To good men 'tis a priviledge to die, I doubt not  
 Come death, they have more cause to sing than cry.

F. A. B. 153

*Of the woman that wailed for her dying Husband.*

**A** Man late married lay at point of death,  
 His poor young wife took on whilst he had breath;  
 And would admit no comfort, though her mother  
 Told her that she would soon procure another  
 Husband for her, much handsomer of the two,  
 She was so much in grief it would not do  
 Yea to be vex'd with her she said, was reasonable  
 Because her mothers words were most unseasonable  
 Her husband di'd soon after, on the bier  
 Was laid for burial, whilst the guests were there  
 Mother said she, which is the Gentleman  
 You spoke of, I would see him if I can  
 If that proposal may be for my good,  
 The thoughts of it may cheer my Widdow-hood.

*Mor.* Husbands are soon forgot when they are dead,  
 And widdows look to be soon married;  
 Some seem so grieve (so far as we can see)  
 Not to loose husbands but they widdows be.

F. A. B. 154

*Of a woman that weeps for her Lovers departure.*

**A** Minion did lament her Love was gone,  
 Seem'd to grieve so as if confin'd to one;

Though

(Though she had many) asked the reason why,  
 Said, I had all his things but a cloak went I,  
 It grieves me for his cloak, his cloak I want,  
 'Tis that, not th' loss of him, that does me daunt.

Mor.

Minions are sordid Muckworms, very dirt,  
 Grieve if they cannot strip you in your skirts.

F A B. 135.  
*Of the Fly which sitting upon a Chariot, said  
 that she had raised a dust.*

**A** Bragging Fly upon a Coach-wheel sat,  
 And seeing a great dust was proud of that;  
 How great a dust I raise said simple they,  
 Not knowing it from the Coach-wheels to be,  
 And from the horses heels, she a spectator,  
 Which gave no cause for pride, but 'twas her nature  
 To brag and crack, as if that she did all,  
 (No wonder then, proud folks we Fly-blown call)  
 Boast as she pleases, yet this say we must,  
 Her self is scarce a thimble full of dust;  
 Let Flies be e're so proud, more than their match  
 A Spider is, them Eagles scorn to catch.

Mor.

'Tis some folks humour though they did forbid it,  
 If ought prove well, to say 'twas they that did it.

F A B. 136.

*Of the Ele that complained that she was infested  
 more than the Serpent.*

**T**He Ele and Serpent seem to be a kin,  
 They're much alike, which made the Ele begin

To



To question, why men persecute the *Eeles*  
 But seldom follow serpents at the heels.  
 Dear Sitter *Eele* said he, the reason's this,  
 Men dread a *Serpent* if he do but hiss.  
 No wonder they spare me whilst thee they take,  
 I am a *Serpent*, thou art a poor snake.

*Mor.*

*They that would not be injured must arm them,  
 Some are not hurt, because none dare to harm them.*

F A B. 157.

*Of the Ass, the Ape, and the Mole.*

**T** Here was an *Ass*, surely an *Ass* was he,  
 Complain'd for want of horns, cornute would be;  
 The first complaint had neither head nor tale,  
 Want of the latter did the *Ape* bewail;  
 He had a head, car'd for no horns, a Tail  
 He greatly wanted, his backside to vill;  
 Then said the *Mole*, you're mad folks in my mind  
 To whine for horns and tails, you see I'm blind.

*Mor.*

*They'll scarce complain of small things who were  
 Themselves to know what other folks endure;  
 Whoever mourns for want of horns and tails,  
 Tell him the Mole the want of eyes bewails.*

F A B. 158.

*Of the Seamen who implor'd the help of Saints.*

**A** Protestant *Taraulin* was at Sea  
 And in a storm, midst *Papists* sure was he;  
 For why the *Saints* they forthwith did implore,  
 Whom their Religion teacheth to adore.

Said

Said he it is in vain to pray to Saints,  
 We shall be drown'd ere they can know our wants,  
 Or come at *Jove* to have his gracious ear;  
 But *Jupiter* himself is always near;  
 Let us repair to him immediately,  
 They did, he heard and gave serenity.

Mor.

When'rt thou art in hast this ever mark,  
 Go to the *Justice*, go not to his Clerk.  
 If thou dost need dispatch, of this be wary,  
 Go to a King rather than Secretary:  
 It holds not true in all things though in some  
 It may, furthest about is nearest home.

F A B. 159.

Of the Fish that leapt out of the Frying-pan,  
 Into the hot Coals.

**T**He Fishes that in scalding oyl were frying,  
 (O cruel Cooks!) alive, for fear of dying

In pain unsufferable, in the pan  
 If they should stay, resolve if so they can  
 To get from thence, they leapt before they look'd  
 Into the fire, and then were worse than hook'd  
 By greedy Angler or by Fisherman,  
 Caught in a net, or than ith' Frying-pan:  
 Out of the Frying-pan into the fire,  
 He that knows what it means, will not desire.

Mor.

Some over hasty to avoid one pain,  
 Into a greater quickly fall again;  
 Impatient of the Gout but in a toe,  
 Repell, till to the head and heart it go.

Here

*Here the old saying think of if you please,  
The remedy is worse than the disease.*

F A B. 160.

*Of the fourfooted Beasts that made a League with  
the fishes against the birds.*

**F**our-footed beasts with fishes enter'd League,  
They'd war with birds, and that was the intrigue;  
Ready to fight, their help they did demand,  
Who sent them word, they could not come by land.

Mor.

*Help too remote we always should despise,  
And nearer hand make choice of our Allies.*

F A B. 161.

*Of the Covetous Ambassador that beguil'd the  
Trumpeter.*

**A** Stringy Legate Trumpeters did cheat,  
Who came his Excellency for to greet,  
With sound of Trumpets for to fill his ear,  
And their own purse : the charge he would not bear  
Found out this shift, in heaviness am I  
Said he, and therefore love no melody :  
Alas saith he, you cannot now be sped  
For my dear mother's dead, and buried ;  
One of his Lordships friends came to condole  
His woful loss, (and find him in a hole  
Crying he thought he should) and then made bold,  
To ask him when she dy'd, who plainly told  
His friend, it was full forty years ago,  
Could not but laugh to think h' had serv'd them so.

Mor.

Mor.

To a Muck-worm his gold is sweet as Honey,  
He'll have a thousand tricks to save his money.

F A B. 162.

Of a man that came to a Cardinal that was  
newly created to bid him joy.

**C**ardinal to be made one had the hap,  
A friend came to congratulate his cap  
Newly put on, Sweet-heart, I crave your name  
Saith he, I know you not, he was the same  
That e're he was, the Cardinal was not so,  
He was become too great old friends to know;  
Then said his friend, it comes into my mind,  
To pittty Cardinals, they're deaf and blind;  
Their caps come o're their eyes they cannot see,  
Their former friends how good foe're they be.

Mor.

It is a blindness that doth oft attend  
Great Upstarts, they can't see a former friend.

F A B. 163.

Of a youth that mock'd at an old mans crookedness.

**A**n ancient man had on his back a bow,  
If 'twere to sell a jeering youth would know;  
Him that old man (like others) would not curse,  
Ask'd if his money did burn in his purse?  
Fools and their money quickly part, if so  
You'll stay a while you need not buy a bow;  
Nature will give you one, meaning a bent,  
E're to another world a token sent.

Mor.

*Mor.* I don't know if I shall  
 Boys that deride crooked old men must know,  
 Nature in time will bring them to her bow.  
 Who year old age his weakness must be told,  
 If they live long enough they will be old.

F A B. 164.

*Of an old man that married a young Girl.*

**A** Batchelour of threescore years and ten,  
 ('Twas much if he were honest until then)

Upon a certain Girl did chance to dote,  
 He'd have her for his wife was all his note;  
 Bad as his word, at length he did her wed,  
 The married maid was never brought to bed:  
 But did remain a virgin all his life;  
 She had no husband, though he had a wife;  
 Bewail'd his folly when it was too late,  
 That then he was too old to have a mate.

*Mor.*

If to be married thou hast a mind,  
 Take time by th' forelock for 'tis bald behind;  
 Doe that and all things else in proper season,  
 The proverb saith in all things there is reason.

F A B. 165.

*Of the Eagle and the Magpye.*

**T**O serve an Eagle Magpy had ambition,  
 Thought her self qualify'd for that condition:  
 A goodly person, had a gallant tongue,  
 To th' life for errands, was so bravely hung:  
 Thou hast a tongue I know, the Eagle said,  
 But thou'st too much, my things will be bewray'd:  
 Then

Then for to choose thee I must be more wary,  
A pratler as thou art my Secretary.

Mor.

Admit him not thy servant whom thou thinkest  
To have a blab-tongue, or breast full of chink;  
Upon a Magpye always look asquint,  
Pica's a Letter and puts things in print.

F A B. 166.

*Of the Thrush that made Friendship with the Swallow.*

A Thrush was proud a single League was made  
'Twixt him and th' Swallows, 'twas a subtle trade:  
But his wife mother saw it would not do,  
For as your meat, so your selves two ways go:  
One loves the frigid, t'other torrid Zone,  
Who can live at that distance and be one?  
You are Antipodes and won't agree,  
Where is no concord there will discord be.

Mor.

They'l make ill friends who vastly disagree,  
'Tis suitablemef's makes good company.

F A B. 167.

*Of the Countrey-man and the Mouse.*

A Countrey-man was so much given to jeast,  
He could not hold when fire was on his nest;  
I mean a desperate fire upon his house,  
He jeasted at the wagging of a mouse.  
A mouse a Martyr that was loth to be,  
Scaping for life forthwith surprize did he.  
Leave us said he when misery doth attend  
Will you? who formerly did seem our friend?

And

And we were yours, a friend's a friend all weather,  
If we must burn, then we will burn together.

Mor.

*Who's like to Mice is no true friend at all,  
They'll leave a house if it be like to fall.*

F A B. 168.

*Of a Rich man and his servant.*

A Thick-skull'd servant had a wealthy man,  
He King of Fools would call him now and than,  
He took it ill and answer'd sawcily,  
I greatly wish that King of fools were I:  
No Empire then would be so large as mine;  
Thou'dst be my Subject too, as I am thine.

Mor.

*One's King of Oranges, and one of mules,  
His kingdom's largest that is King of fools:  
Fools are so common 'twant too true I wish;  
Fools every where do meet us in our dish.*

F A B. 169.

*Of the City-dog that pursu'd the Country-dog.*

Twas odds at foot-ball when a pack of dogs  
Pursu'd one poor one, cowardly as hogs:  
He fled and fled and still they did pursue,  
And when he saw his flying would not do  
He turn'd about, and them his teeth he shew'd,  
Threatning to have them in their blood imbru'd  
If they did not desist: they made a pause  
When they saw that, fearing his hungry jaws:  
A General past that way, then souldiers fight  
Said he, you see most danger is in flight.

H

Mor.

Mor.

Look what the proverb saith that fame doth do,  
 That enemies who fly them they pursue,  
 And who pursue them those against they fly,  
 Courage must save thee from an enemy.

F A B. 170.

*Of an old woman that blam'd the Devil.*

**T**hey say an ancient woman climb'd a tree,  
 Was she a witch they in Cats shape may be;  
 Cats are old dog at climbing, 'tis no matter  
 Woman or Cat, the devil to bespatter;  
 Her resolution was, in case she fell  
 It was by his perswasion she would tell.  
 But he took witness in convenient time,  
 He bad her not without her shooes to climb:  
 She climb'd without her shooes receiv'd a check,  
 For the truth is she'd almost broke her neck;  
 Telling, the devil bid her climb the tree,  
 Old Nick, said, thou'rt a Lyar, like to me.

Mor.

Some folks what ere they doe that's plainly evil,  
 Cast all the blame thereof upon the devil.

F A B. 171.

*Of the Tortoise and the Frogs.*

**A** Tortoise that was burthen'd with his shell,  
 For that same burthen nature blam'd they tell;  
 Envi'd the Frogs did leap and skip about,  
 After a while he found that he was out:  
 Frogs were a prey to Eagles, and every blow  
 He armed Cap a pee with shell not so.

Mor.



Mor.

*We quarrel natures kindnesſes too oft,  
Hard things may do us far more good than ſoft :  
Tortoises bleſs themſelves when Eeles do wrangle  
With Frogs, ſo think their burthen is their caſtle.*

F A B. 172.

*Of the Deſtruction that would grub up an Oak,*

**D**ormouſe loves Acorns, thought the Oak too high,  
He could not come at them ſo eaſily  
As he could wiſh, reſolv'd with teeth to grub it,  
And therewithal did make a ſhift to ſtub it;  
Once ſtub'd, the Oak Acorns no more would bear,  
He wiſh'd that he the Oak once more could rear :  
It was in vain, he hop'd to ſpare ſome pains,  
Pound-fooliſh, penny-wiſe, he loſt his gains.

Mor.

*He that ſpends all at once ſhall ſoon know ſorrow,  
So live to day as thou mayſt live to morrow :  
Men muſt mind futures, having more than ſenſe  
'Tis brutiſh, to be all for th' Preſent tenſe.*

F A B. 173.

*Of the Dog and his Maſter.*

**O**ne kept a Dog which himſelf always fed,  
Unti'd his chain and with kind uſage bred ;  
To make him ſo much more to love his maſter,  
From his hand there proceeded no diſaſter:  
But his man chain'd and beat him as he pleas'd,  
At which the Dog finding himſelf diſeaſ'd  
E'ne fairly ran away, was took again,  
His maſter pleaded he ne'er gave him pain

H 2

Or

Or angry word, why should he run away,  
 'Twas his ingratitude he pleas'd to say ;  
 To serve him so what came into his mind,  
 To leave his master had been always kind ?  
 'Twas all a case said he, 'twas a ! Trappan,  
 You beat me not your self, (but bid your man.)  
 Since I was struck and chain'd by your command,  
 I had as lieve you'd done it with your hand ;  
 If we must meet with blows and such disasters,  
 They're worse from fellow-servants, than from masters.

Mor.

*Some by their Pollicies think to defeat us,  
 Stroke at themselves, but others set to beat us.*

F A B. 174.

*Of the Birds that beat the Beetles.*

**B**Eetles upon their Dunghills bullets made,  
 Of which the fearful birds were sore affraid ;  
 They said they'l Cross-bows get and shoot at us,  
 They dreaded them as mice do dread a Puss.  
 There was a Sparrow wiser than the rest  
 Beetle kill Birds ? said he, you do but jest :  
 We fly, they drag their bullets on the ground  
 So slow, and softly that they ne're rebound.

Mor.

*A witless enemy fear not, cause such  
 Some fear too little, others, fear too much.*

F A B. 175.

*Of the Fear and the Bee.*

**A** Waspish Bee made bold a Bear to sting,  
 Honey he lov'd, but revenge was a thing

Sweeter

Sweeter than that, revenged he would be  
 On all the tribe, a Giant such as he  
 By one poor legless Pigmy Bee had been,  
 Stung, he'l be quit, or he will ne're be seen:  
 I'll spoil their Hives, their honey, and their young,  
 Make them repent that e're a Bear was stung.  
 Which e're presum'd to affront one like me,  
 Out of all question was no humble Bee;  
 It was but one I know, but 'tis my mind  
 To let them know, Hatred's against the kind.  
 He said it and the Bees took the alarm,  
 And cry'd out Fellow-souldiers, Arm, Arm,  
 Your selves, and your young nymphs if you would save,  
 The Bears resolv'd our Hives and lives to have.  
 These are no false Alarums or vain jeers,  
 The enemy's here in earnest with his Bears:  
 Make your stings ready, stand upon your guard,  
 Stand to your tackling, or we all are mar'd:  
 They did, they ran him down and rode the bear  
 As Jackanapes might do, so he pay'd dear,  
 Who brought a multitude about his ears  
 Too hard for one, though not for many bears.

Mor.

*'Tis dangerous to provoke a multitude,  
 Who can do wonders if they take a feud.  
 Wise folks will take heed how they doe such things  
 For flies have spleens, Bees to be sure have stings;  
 Men stripe with hazard whole Tribes to undo,  
 To reek their malice upon one or two.*

F A B. 176.

*Of the Fowler and the Chaffinch.*

**A** Fowler had dispers'd great store of meat,  
 Hoping the birds would thither come and eat;  
 They came, but only some few at a time,  
 The Bells he rang, he hop'd all in to chime:  
 E're he had done, he scorn'd to take a few,  
 To have at all a generous mind might shew;  
 He thought, their manner was, some went, some  
 To wave a few his mind was still the same:  
 At length night came, who would have all or none,  
 Found the remainder for to be but one.

Mor.

'Tis n't good to grasp at all, lest all we loose,  
 Something a man would have in hand to choose;  
 At one bird in the hand do not cry tash,  
 Thou mayst hereafter catch ten more it's tash:  
 Been't all for presents, nor yet all for futures,  
 (Both before and behind thy head both futures  
 To make all fast) wise men are best content  
 To take some Fine, and to receive some Rent.

F A B. 177.

*Of the Souldier and the two Horses.*

**A** Trooper had one horse, and bought a worse,  
 Tended his meaner horse like any nurse;  
 Did not much mind the former, darling said  
 Thou art the better horse, why so much made  
 Of me, I cannot tell, who all men I see,  
 In strength and beauty do come short of thee.

His

His better said, men mind not who are best,  
But provide greatest cheer for newest guest:  
From my worse usage I suspect no danger,  
I am us'd like a friend, thou like a stranger.

Mor.

*Men commonly most love a second fester  
Though it be true, that seldom comes a better.*

F A B. 178.

*Of the Swine and the Dog.*

**A** Spaniel was derided by a Sow,  
Wondred to fawn and flatter he knew how;  
Upon a master gave him many a blow,  
That to set Birds he might bring him to know:  
Oft lug'd his ears, and made him fear and start,  
That he might make him master of his Art.  
Yea the poor Spaniel seem'd to love him so,  
As had he been oblig'd by every blow  
To vindicate himself, the Spaniel said,  
Thereby I come to understand a trade;  
So sure and good that whilst another fails,  
I may be fed with Partridge and with Quails.

Mor.

*Sharp usage is sometimes no injury,  
Some owe a great deal to severity;  
Who if their masters more of them had made,  
Themselves had no've been masters of their trade.*

F A B. 179.

*Of the Log that blam'd the Oxen's slowness.*

**W**hen Logs could speak (as Logger-heads can do)  
The timber said the Oxen were too slow;

H 4

It

It seems they did affect a Scholars pace,  
 And thought the Oxen might have run a race;  
 With load so light as they, pray do not fear  
 Good Oxen said, the logs we shall not bear  
 You long upon our backs, but set you down,  
 Then you must bear the burthen in the town  
 As well as we, and have upon your back  
 Some office that may chance to make it crack:  
 Perhaps the weight of some most heavy leads  
 Or building, which oppresses you much must needs;  
 That heard, the Timber had no more to say  
 Convinc'd, endure as much themselves they may.

Mor.

*This warneth men of an insulting mind;  
 Who usually are pay'd off in their kind;  
 The world is slippery as a very Eele,  
 He'll ne're insult that knows the world's a wheel:  
 The Spokes whereof that now are uppermost,  
 May soon come down and lights into the dust.*

F A B. 180.

*Of the Linnet and the Boy.*

**A** Linnet was inquir'd of by a boy  
 Had fed her high, and kept her as a toy  
 Within a Cage, why being got from thence  
 His Pensioner she would no more commence  
 And to her cage return, where all good cheer  
 She might be sure of, howsoever dear:  
 Sir boy said she, I far'd well when thy Page  
 But give me liberty before a cage;  
 To eat and drink, go and do as I please,  
 Gives me content more than good cheer and ease.

Mor.

Mon. 17. 1781. 1781. 1781.

No chains are best about our Legs and hands;  
Whether they silken be or golden bands;  
Man has a great ambition to be free;  
Can spare most things, better than liberty.

F A B. 181.

*Of the Jeffer and the Bishop.*

**A** Jeffer comes to a great Clergy-man,  
On New-year's-day, to try if that he can  
Obtain a Ginny for a New-years gift  
Of him, to help himself at a dead lift:  
Said the great man, that's a great summe indeed,  
Were I so prodigal: I my self might need.  
Then my good Lord, ith' next place said the Jeffer,  
Give me a shilling, or give me a teaster:  
Said he, that's silver and it is no sense,  
Thee to beg silver, Peter has but pence.  
Then my good Lord said he, one farthing give,  
A token of your love, and whilst I live  
I shall pray for you: Farthing said he is money,  
A farthing worth of *Album* with some honey,  
May cure a soar throat, who so please to lick it,  
Your blessing then said he, there he did nick it:  
My blessing, my paternal blessing crave  
Secing you do, my blessing you shall have:  
He scorn'd it, when that he had not forbid it,  
Said were it worth one farthing I'de ne're had it.

*Postscript.*

This Fable's but a Fable as to that,  
Divines are stringy, too free to be fat,  
They use to be, give more cause for remorse,  
They keep themselves as scholars keep their horse;

So bare, so out of case, or like Tybe-pig,  
 'Tis rare amongst them for to find one Trigg;  
 Or in such plight as he, body or purse,  
 Few them for grippleness have cause to curse  
 To say this of a Bishop was Eusebius,  
 'Twould make one think Eltop was a Fanatich.

181 Mor.

But a good Moral may be ta'ne from hence,  
 Some call'd Divines are so immers'd in sense  
 Sooner then part with money they will bless  
 Earth, they don't value much, but beauty less.  
 Such is their Atheisme, such their cruel detrage,  
 They count their blessing cheaper than their postage:  
 And then as for the blessings of all such,  
 As slight their own, others slight them as much.

F. A. B. 182.

Of the Howpe that was unworthily preferred,

**T**hey say the Eagle made a Wedding-feast  
 Most birds invited, and amongst the rest  
 The Howpe, which there was Cock a hoop, for he  
 Set above all the rest hapned to be  
 Because he had a crown upon his head,  
 And with most curious feathers was deck'd;  
 Though amongst dung and filth he us'd to fly,  
 This did procure to her no small envy.

182 Mor.

Do not thy habit utterly neglect,  
 Good cloaths may help to purchase some respect;  
 Many a man the world with good cloaths warms,  
 Which takes all for fine birds that have fine feathers.

F. A. B.



F A B. 183.

*Of the Priest and the Pears.*

ON his way to a wedding was a Priest,  
 What at another time would make a feast;  
 He found by chance a curious heap of pears,  
 Durst not at that time eat one for his ears;  
 Lest it should pall his stomach and forestall  
 His Appetite, who aim'd to have at all.  
 (Some say 'tis good with Appetite to rise,  
 To eat therewith all agree that are wise)  
 And so would he, in's pockets should he bring,  
 Those pears they might prevent some better thing,  
 He might convey from thence, leave them behind  
 It griev'd him, lest them other folks should find  
 And eat them, what himself could not employ,  
 It was his mind others should not enjoy  
 Upon good terms, therefore on them did piss,  
 Acting an envious Slovens part I wiss.  
 Then on he went but found the waters up,  
 He could not pass either to dine or sup  
 With the new-married folks, Bride-groom and Bride  
 Came back a hungry, having all ways try'd  
 To pass and could not, in his way he found  
 The heap of pears which he in piss had drown'd;  
 Snapt at them, though they were in such a pickle,  
 Hungry dogs fancies, dirty puddings tickle.

Mor.

Be not thou full of scorn, when full in purse,  
 For thou mayst eat thy words or else eat worse;  
 Slight not inferiours for when all is done,  
 Thou mayst need those that thou hast piss'd upon.

F A B.

FAB. 184. vide FAB. 33.

FAB. 185.

*Of the Hog and the Horse.*

A Hog espi'd a War-horse to the Battle,  
 Made haſt, thought them a ſimple ſort of cattel;  
 Would run poſt-haſt into the jaws of death  
 He ſaw his error, might have ſav'd his breath:  
 In ſaying ſo, thou ſhalt die by a knife  
 Said th' horſe, when thou haſt lead a ſhameful life:  
 Liv'd like thy ſelf, that is liv'd like a hog,  
 Thy throat to cut ſome Butcher will thee dog;  
 When I ſhall dye upon the bed of honour,  
 Nought but diſgrace the Swine ſhall have upon her:  
 Pamper'd with offals, ſhortly die you muſt,  
 Thou'rt living dirt, dead, wilt be meerly duſt.

Mor.

*Who liveth long obſcure is all amere,  
 Choofe then a glorious life though it be ſhort.*

FAB. 186.

*Of a Tanner that bought of a Hunter the ſkin  
 of a Bear that was not yet caught.*

A Tanner of a Hunter bought a Hide  
 Belonging to a Bear, that ne're yet dy'd;  
 Nor was ſo much as caught, his money paid,  
 Down on the nail, in which the fool he playd.  
 Said he, have patience till the Bear I kill,  
 And then the ſkin you bought make good I will:  
 Next day the Tanner and the Hunter went  
 Into the wood, hoping for good content.

The

The Hunter with his dogs went to a cave,  
 Th' Tanner to see what success he would have  
 Clombe up a tree, the hunter saw fall down  
 Before a Bear, as dead, or in a fown:  
 If dead, he by his nose did try to know,  
 Thinking he was, he made no more ado  
 But left him on the place, (for bears won't tarry on,  
 A body which they take to be meer carrion.)  
 Down came the Tanner bid the hunter rise,  
 Said, he was now secure from enemies;  
 But let me know said he what in thine ear  
 The Bear did whisper, for I could not hear  
 Said he, he said no more but this (I thought)  
 Sell no more Bear-skins till the bear be caught;  
 He to the Tanner might have said as well,  
 Buy no more skins of them that han't to sell.

Mor.

*Count not upon uncertains, lest you loose  
 Your hopes, 'tis ill to wait for dead mens shoes:  
 A live bear's hide is hardly worth a pin  
 If living, he may sleep in a whole skin;  
 Buy what is ready, but not things bespoke,  
 Wise men won't purchase a pig in a poke.*

F A B. 187.

*Of the Hermite and the Souldier.*

**A** Souldier, holy Hermite, would perswade  
 For to turn Hermite, and leave off his trades  
 Both for his bodies safety and souls health,  
 Truth is said he, we get but little wealth  
 Now by our arms, both plunders dead, and pay,  
 Small heart to kill men, for twelve pence a day.

All

(116)

All one of us is promis'd when he enters,  
Besides that we are forc'd to sell debenters.

Mor.

Interest takes off some man, whose hearts do cleave  
To vice, they leave not it, it doth them leave.

FAB. 188.

Of the man and the wife that had been  
twice married.

A Widdower and a Widdow made a match,  
Mutually to be quit they lay at catch;  
She'd with her former husband him upbraid,  
He'd tell how good a wife the former made:  
There was a capon roasted for their meal,  
She to a beggar part of it did deal  
To pray for her first husband, and her best  
He over-heard, and gave him all the rest  
To pray for his first wife, her soul departed,  
So she got little who her husband thwarted:  
For her first husband she gave part (had story)  
He all, to pray his wife from purgatory.

Mor.

To vex those people never lye at catch,  
Who will be found to be more than thy match.

FAB. 189.

Of the Lyon and the mouse.

A Lyon that was taken in a snare,  
It to untie did beg a mouse his care;  
He set him free, and when he had so done,  
Did hope the Lyons daughter to have won:

HA

He

He beg'd her for his wife, and had consent  
 Of the old Lyon, who did say content  
 Gain but the maids good will and it is done,  
 When Parents are agreed, maids are soon won;  
 Soon after came the Bride to th' Bridegrooms house,  
 Unlight unseen, she trod upon the mouse:  
 Who came to meet her, crush'd him all to bits,  
 Heard say her husband's dead, fell into fits:  
 But afterwards she did not care a louse,  
 When once she understood he was a mouse.

Mor.

*Thus 'tis when mouse-like men wed Lionesses,  
 They'd better be content with Jones and Besses:  
 They'll tread 'em under foot, and make the house  
 Too hot, the man won't be known from a mouse;  
 In marriages regard equality,  
 Or ten to one that you shall ne're agree.*

F A B. 190. vide F A B. 82.

F A B. 191.

*Of the wax that desired to be hard.*

**I**T melted wax to see its self so soft,  
 Melted it into tears considering oft;  
 How hard were bricks, made of a certain clay  
 More soft than wax, after a while that they  
 Had lain in fiery Kils, so firm, and sure,  
 Were they as many ages might endure:  
 At this the waxe threw its self into th' fire,  
 To be as hard as bricks it did aspire  
 But there't did waste, did not waxe hard but wan,  
 After a while it in the fire had lain.

Mor.

*Mor.*  
*One medicine Doctors Mountebanks we call,*  
*Is will not have the same effect on all:*  
*On different subjects, different effects,*  
*The same things have, which whoso'er rejects*  
*May know without much skill in arts or tongues,*  
*Those waters help the spleen, which hurt the lungs.*

*F A B. 192.*

*Of the Husbandman that would be a Souldier  
 and a Merchant*

**A**N honest Farmer took a world of pains,  
 Could hardly pay his rent, so far from gains;  
 He thought a Souldier liv'd a gallant life,  
 Went brave, fed high, he almost starv'd his wife  
 And children, thereupon he did intend  
 Unto a souldiers life himself to bend.  
 He sold his stock, and put himself in arms;  
 But oh the many mischiefs and the harms  
 Befell him, for the Army soon was routed,  
 And then himself and all the rest were outed:  
 Wounded to boot, then Merchant he would be,  
 He sold his Land and ventur'd all to sea;  
 The next news was the Ship was cast away,  
 That he and all his goods ith' Ocean lay.

*Mor.*

*This Fable aims to prove this Proposition,*  
*Thinking to mend, folke oft mar their condition;*  
*Aiming at gain, they oft come off with loss,*  
*The Rowling-stone they say gathers no moss.*

F A B. 193.

*Of the Jester.*

A Man there was that always was in jest,  
 Was bravely clad in's tunick and his vest;  
 And who but he? what he would he might have,  
 They call him th' Fool, he was less fool than knave:  
 The farts he let (so *Aesop* calls a jest)  
 They were the things which brought him in request:  
 Saving your presence if by farts men thrive,  
 Said th' Ass, than I there's none should better live;  
 Surely there is no Rump can crack like me  
 I do't so sweet, and so innocently.

Mor.

*The Fable stinks the Moral may be sweet,  
 Buffoons are valued far more than is meet.*

F A B. 194.

*Of the River that revil'd its own spring.*

Proud River did fall foul on its own spring,  
 And said it was an idle useless thing;  
 It did not move, it did contain no fish,  
 These were the things it did cast in its dish.  
 Boasted he ran, and did with fish abound,  
 And what else to his honour might redound.  
 The Spring was vex'd, its water did withhold,  
 Would teach the River for to be so bold:  
 Made his fish die, and made his waters fail,  
 Took what he gave, then th' River did bewail  
 Its great ungratefulness, folly, and pride,  
 The Fountain of its waters to deride.

I

Mor.

Mor.

By this same Fable Elop seems divine,  
 What's due to God is pride for to call thine.  
 He is the fountain then the Rivulet,  
 If thou despise him thou shalt nothing get:  
 Thereby, for first or last, he'll make thee know  
 That all thou hast, and art, doth from him flow.

FAB. 195.

Of the wicked man and the devil.

A Gaol-bird that had often been in Gaol,  
 And found a Devils help did much avail  
 To bring him out, besought his help again,  
 To try how to break's prison was in vain:  
 He in the hole or dungeon all amort is,  
 For Iron-bars he had no *Aqua fortis*;  
 Good devil help said he, or I'm undone,  
 To help him his familiar was not won;  
 His back was loaded with old worn out shoes,  
 What was the reason might the man amuze;  
 He told him he had travail'd all about,  
 To help him till those shoes all were worn out:  
 Had none to wear, nor money to buy shoes,  
 (Wher't can't be had, Princes their right must loose  
 Prisoners much more,) goe and be hang'd for me  
 The Devil said, I can no more help thee.

Mor.

The Moral's good, whom devils do befriend  
 Time after time, they'll fail 'em in the end.  
 When they are past their work gone to decay,  
 E'ne then saith he, hang them out of the way.  
 Though oft for to escape a Gallies lot be,  
 They must not think they shall go alway free.

FAB.



FAB. 196.

*Of the Birds that would choose more Kings.*

**B**irds that forgot their due allegiance,  
 Consulted how more Kings for to advance  
 Besides the Eagle, he could not inspect  
 Them all they said, they did not him reject  
 From being King, but for sole king refuse,  
 Not depose him, but others they would choose.  
 More eyes see more they thought, though Eagles eyes  
 They be, wish'd more, but did not his despise.  
 The Crow as wise as black, would not consent  
 To have more kings, for one gives best content  
 Said he, more kings than one will never doe,  
 'Tis easier for to fill one purse than two.

Mor.

*Kings pluralists are very happy things,  
 But give us no plurality of kings.*

FAB. 197.

*Of the woman that would die for her husband.*

**A** Tender wife almost cry'd out her eyes  
 For her sick husband, bear it if he dies.  
 She cannot, therefore said if thou't have one,  
 Good death take me and let the man alone.  
 Death, looking like himself, soon after came,  
 You wish'd for death, said he, I am the same.  
 Sir Death said she, 'tis not to me you'd speak,  
 I'll bring you to the party whom you seek.  
 He's sick a bed, and very ill at ease  
 Wait for your coming take him if you please.

(116)

Mor.

*This woman was a measure of the rest,  
She lov'd her husband well, but her self best;  
If both might live she thinks 'twould happiest be,  
If one must die, sh' had rather be than she.*

F A B. 198.

*Of the young man that sang at his Mothers burial.*

**A** Young man sang at's mothers Funeral,  
His father saw't, and ask'd if that were all  
The moan he made, his mother for to see  
Upon the bier, an own mother was she.  
Mother in law they count a very Thistle,  
Makes children sing when dead, alive go whistle:  
But an own mother is another thing,  
Who shows of tears to her death does not bring,  
But that that sides so sure, there is no fear  
I should go nigh to say a Bastard were:  
She was no Step-mother I do confess,  
Sing at her Funeral I might ne're the less.  
Said the young man, you priests (whate're your rate is)  
Hire there to sing, and why mayn't I sing gratis:  
The father said Priests may sing there not you,  
When you'r a Priest, then you as Priests may do.

Mor.

*As one mans meat another's poyson is,  
One's ornament's anothers blot Invis;  
Who gets out of his place a fool is he,  
Stood thy beels where thy head shoud'st monstrous be,*

F A B.

F A B. 199.

*Of the jealous Husband that had put his wife  
to be look'd to.*

**O**Ne had a wife a Lady was of pleasure,  
To watch her as he need he had not leisure;  
He chose a Keeper, promis'd a reward,  
Unto her honesty to be a guard:

*Argus* he should have been, whoe'er he were,  
This subtle woman had more eyes by far;  
Woman-craft is a mighty thing, a Sack  
Of fleas he said, he'd carry at his back;  
Pour them upon a meadow, let 'em feed,  
Then be at pains to rally all the breed  
And bring them back, rather than to attend  
One wanton *Mistr*, of which there is no end.

Mor.

*Like wantons nought's Mercenial I assure,  
Mercury is their temper, and their cure;  
Marry shaft women, and take care no more  
But spight of fate, a whore will be a whore,*

F A B. 200.

*Of the Fellow that refus'd Glysters.*

**M**ost folks are scar'd with Pigeons and with blisters,  
But few there are that have much dread of glysters;  
Some such have been, 'mongst which a High-dutch-man,  
Get him a Glyster take theres none that can.  
A Colledg of Phyicians did advise,  
He seem'd to think that they were not so wise;  
Let me alone saith he I you beseech,  
Whilst 'tis my head that akes you'd cure my back.

I 3

• Mor.

Mor.

By folks unskilful it will be rejected,  
 If you'd apply to th' part that's not affected;  
 In their opinion it doth madly sound,  
 Bid them the weapon'noins to cure the wound:  
 Men with their own spears ought to be content,  
 Like Bedlams talk out of their element.

F A B. 201.

Of the *Ass* that was sick, and the *Wolves*  
 came to visit him.

**A**N *Ass* was sick, who hat the wolfs and dogs  
 Came for to visit him? they were no hogs:  
 How he did do they kindly seem'd t' enquire,  
 Though to hear he was dead was their desire:  
 Asking the question, thus he answered,  
 I'm better than you'd wish, for I'm not dead:  
 Some seem concern'd for our recovery,  
 Who with with all their hearts that we might die.

Mor.

Wish groundless jealousy don't thy mind clog,  
 Yet doubt not to suspect a *Wolf* or dog.

F A B. 202.

Of the *Nut tree*, the *Ass*, and the *Woman*.

**A** Walnut-tree was often pelted at,  
 It stood in the high-way, 'twas long of that.  
 There was a woman that did please to jar  
 That tree, the more 'twas beat, the more 't did bear,  
 At leftwise yield, gave fruit for every blow:  
 Thou hast more fruit than wit, said she I know

Walnut

Walnut, the woman said, were I as thee  
 So beat, my fruit should rot upon the tree :  
 Mistress saith he, you would not thus disgrace  
 Me if you knew a proverb in the case ;  
 One self same law they say, doth surely bind  
 These three, the Nut, the Ass, the woman-kind,  
 There's none of these (they say) that rightly does,  
 Unless sometimes we men do give 'em blows.

Mor.

*Folks by this Fable to spare jeers are taught,  
 She from the tree had as good as she brought;  
 That tree knew how to answer scoffing brows,  
 Which its self us'd for to give nuts for blows.*

F A B. 203.

*Of the Ass that found no end of his labors.*

AN Ass was almost kill'd with cold and chaff  
 It h' dead of winter, that he could not laugh  
 Til the Spring came, and wish'd the Spring were near,  
 Then earth, brick, wood, and Tiles was forc'd to bear :  
 Weary of Spring, for Summer he did long,  
 But then his master made him work ding dong ;  
 Carrying in new Corn, and carrying out old,  
 Did he stand still his master freight would scold ;  
 Then long'd for Autumn, 'twill me ease he says,  
 But few there are who mend in the Dog-days :  
 Then wine, and wood, and apples he must carry,  
 So long'd for winter, that he could not tarry ;  
 Nothing like frost and snow would do the feat,  
 It helps down weeds, kills worms, makes turnips sweet :  
 Winter returns and then he cannot laugh,  
 For he was froze with cold and fed with chaff.

I 4

Mor.

*or Mor.*  
*We ne're are well in this world full nor fasting,*  
*Summer or winter, Spring or Fall, but casting*  
*About, how every one his state may mend,*  
*'Twas best at first, men oft say in the end.*

*F A B. 204.*

*Of the mouse that would make a League of Amity*  
*with the Cat.*

**A** Mouse more forward than the rest, would make  
 League with a Cat, her countenance did so take  
 Andwin upon him, she did look so grave,  
 Demute, devout, he by all means would have  
 Her his familiar (friend, I mean) to be  
 But of the friendship weary soon was he  
 Though she so look'd that some would even swear  
 Where mice would melt, butter would not melt there **A**  
 She lov'd the mouse so well she could e'ne eat her,  
 And did, the rest, so vex'd they could have beat her  
 But that they could not, for if mice and Rats  
 Make League with Puss, they'l sort like Dogs and cats.  
*Mor.*

*Trust not folks looks, you may too often find*  
*An honest face with a dishonest mind:*  
*Let Cats look how they will, they in a trice*  
*Will show that they must needs fall fowl on mice.*

*F A B. 205.*

*Of the Ass that served an ungrateful master.*

**T** Was a good Ass d'd all his time ne're stumble  
 Save once, through too much load he chanc'd to  
 (humble,  
 With

With blows enough to fell him though he stood  
 His master tri'd to raise him, made the blood  
 Boil all about him, was in such a rage  
 All his great services could not assuage;  
 Call'd him dull Ass, dull Animal, what not?  
 He that did ill but once went thus to pot:  
 This Ass had works of Super-erogation,  
 For which he then had no consideration;  
 He then bewail'd it as his great disaster,  
 So good a servant had so bad a master:  
 Once did I ill, saith he, that hear I ever,  
 Oft did I well, of that I doe hear never;  
 (As saith the proverb) Ungrateful man  
 Bear what I bear who but a meer Ass can?

Mor.

*'Tis a base humour quickly to forget  
 A thousand good turns, but not to remis  
 One injury, nay though it came by chance,  
 Service to slight, Disservice to advance;  
 With all the aggravations can be thought  
 May they no servants have but what are nought.*

F A B, 226.

*Of the Wolf that perswaded the Porcupine to lay  
 aside his weapons.*

**A** Fox-like wolf advis'd a Porcupine,  
 His back with Arrows not so thick to line  
 In time of peace, they a meer burthen are,  
 Archers lay up theirs for a time of war.  
 Call for their quiver just before a battle,  
 But make it not in time of peace to rattle:  
 Sir wolf said he, 'tis always time to fight  
 When a wolf (like thy self) doth come in fight.

Mor.

*Mor.* *Arm, arm, when wolves appear, and do not stay till then  
Till they have fastned, and made thee their prey;  
Prepar'd to meet with enemies be ever,  
Or in good time, too late's as bad as never.*

*F A B.* 207.

*Of the mouse that set the Kite at liberty.*

*A* Mouse did gnaw a Kite out of a snare,  
Though Kites from mice deserve not such a care;  
They are their foes nor was this Kite his friend,  
Once free, the mouse he with his claws did rend  
And tear in pieces most ungratefully,  
Hence forward Kites for mice, in snares may dye.

*Mor.*

*Be friends to some, do them a courtesie,  
They'l be your foes, do you an injury;  
What kindness to requite some can's devise,  
They'l recompence by picking out your eyes.*

*F A B.* 208.

*Of the Snail that beg'd of Jupiter that she might  
bear her house about with her.*

*J*upiter to each creature gave its choice,  
Of one good thing, and he would hear its voice;  
The Snail did say great Jove, I only lack  
Thy leave, my house to carry at my back.  
That said, the Thunderer would know cause why  
The Snail made that request, he did reply,  
I wish that burthen rather at my back,  
Than 'gainst bad neighbours a good fence to lack.

*Mor.*



Mor.

Great privilege is good vicinity,  
 Nought's worse in nature than bad company;  
 First is a kind of heaven, the last of Hell  
 'Twixt both it is, to live like Snail in shell.

F A B. 209.

Of the Hedg-hog that thrust the Viper her Host out  
 of doors.

**W**inter came on, the Hedg-hog was to seek  
 For a warm lodging, did to th' viper sneak  
 To be his Inmate, Vipers then had pitty,  
 He gave consent hearing his mournful ditty:  
 But soon was weary of his company,  
 The worst of bedfellows one could lye by.  
 Tosses and tumbles, and his prickles starts,  
 And sticks his bedfellow as full of darts  
 As the man in the Almanack we see,  
 Poor viper nothing else but wounds is he.  
 The wounded viper weeping tears of blood,  
 Hedg-hog besought that he would be so good  
 As to provide himself another place  
 To lodge in, Hedg-hog would not hate an ace  
 Of what he now possess'd, let him be gone  
 That's weary first said he, I shall make one  
 Here to abide, whoever be the other,  
 Possession I'll not quit to serve a brother.  
 With Hedge-hog there's no living, viper thought,  
 Seeing he will not go, surely I ought  
 And must, for if with him I still do keep,  
 I ne'r expect in a whole skin to sleep.

Mor.

Mor,

*'Ware Hedge-hogs, they their bedfellows will rout,  
Ne're take him in, who's like to cast thee out.*

F A B. 210.

*Of the Husbandman and the Poet.*

**A** Plowman came a Poet for to see,  
In's study found him busie for to be  
And by himself, what faith he all alone?  
I cannot but thy lonesomness bemoan:  
Then said the Poet I alone have been  
No longer than since you your self came in,

Mor,

*'A Scholar in a noble Library  
Is not alone, nor in society  
When that illiterate Ideots are by,  
H' had rather have their room than company:  
An Ideot to a wise man once did say  
In a brown study, tell me I thee pray  
If I disturb thee not? I shall have done  
Talking, not so, said th' wise man, I'm alone.*

F A B. 211.

*Of the wolf that was clad in a Sheeps-skin,  
which worried the flock,*

**A** Certain wolf was in a sheeps-skin clad  
Made one amongst the flock, which was not  
His worship to enjoy, for he fed high,  
He kill'd one sheep a day most constantly.  
At length the shepherd chanc'd to find him out,  
And was resolv'd with him to have a bout;

2014

Took

Took him and hang'd him on a huge high tree,  
 That he to others might a warning be;  
 Some that pass'd by would cry what hang a sheep?  
 And Shepherd hangman that us'd them to keep?  
 The Shepherd heard and smil'd, 'tis a sheepskin.  
 Said he, indeed; but 'tis a wolf within:  
 He in a stolen sheeps fleece himself had hid,  
 A wolf he was, for a wolfs work he did.

Mor.

*Ne're trust folks habits, for a wolf that larks  
 Is known not by his habit, but his works.*

F A B. 212.

*Of the Father that in vain perswaded his son to virtue.*

**A** Vertuous father did his son advise,  
 That he a vertuous course would enterprise  
 Both for his fathers credit, and his own,  
 But he his fruitless labour did bemoan:  
 The youth his father wish'd his pains to spare,  
 In Pulpits such like counsels were not rare:  
 Though far more rare than his, in t' other sense,  
 Yet he from them no convert did commence.

Mor.

*Perswade some men who will, they'l do no good,  
 Parents, or priests, 'tis to be understood  
 They'r knave for grain, their colour will not fade,  
 Stir them you can't although the Pope should aid  
 And all his Cardinals, such their disease,  
 Say what folks can, they will do what they please;  
 They are past grace, at least they are past shame,  
 Say who will what they will, they are the same.*

F A B.

F A B. 213.

*Of the Dog that kill'd his masters sheep, who hang'd  
him for it.*

**I**T was a Shepherds pleasure that a dog  
Should be his Deputy, he would not clog  
Himself with constant care of all the flock,  
But soon he found that he impair'd his stock ;  
One, after one, kill'd up his harmless sheep,  
Hang him the Shepherd said, I won't him keep  
To serve me so, his belly full of meat  
I don't him grudge, and yet he'll eat my sheep :  
When th' Shepherd Hangman-like with Rope and noose  
The Dog did see, wilt thou a servant loose  
Said he upon those terms ? the wolf you know  
Kills your sheep too, kill him, and let me go.  
Excuse me Sir said he I shan't do that,  
You are the worse enemy, that's flat ;  
Wolf is an open enemy, thou a friend  
Pretend'tt to be, and mischief do'st intend.

Mor.

*Be it a rule who ever Scotfree goes,  
Pay them who seem thy friends and are thy foes.*

F A B. 214.

*Of the Ram that fought with a Bull.*

**A** Ram there was, for every other Ram  
Too hard, all them in fight he overcame ;  
Then doubted not for to engage a Bull,  
E're he had done, he had his belly full ;  
That Bull had horns what e're the Popes Bulls have,  
A deadly blow therewith to th' Ram he gave ;

He

He could just speak, and said, a fool was I  
With one so much above my match to vie.

Mor.

*Strive not at all, or else strive with thy Peers,  
With Underlings or Betters breeds but jeers.*

FAB. 215.

*Of the Widow and the Green As.*

**T**hey say one Widow loath'd a single life,  
But for folks talking shee'd have been a wife;  
It seems in those days folks with scorn did carry,  
Towards those widows that made haste to marry;  
A Gossip taught her how to slight folks thunder,  
I mean their talk, said 'twas but nine days wonder  
To make that out a thing was never seen  
She'd do, which was she'd paint a white As green  
And have that green As through the city led,  
'Twas done, and all the people wondered  
Both young and old, follow'd the As about,  
For a few days, it made a fearfull rout;  
As had the paint worn off, after those days  
At him did people no more stare, and gaze.  
Have but the patience a few days to tarry  
So it will be with you in case you marry;  
Said her good Gossip who knew how to please her,  
Those comfortable words no doubt did ease her.  
Nine days will end the wonder if you have  
A second, e're your first be cold in's grave.

Mor.

*When time hath snow'd a little on the hair  
Of things, great wonders, no more wonders are.*

FAB.

*Of the Eagle that snatch'd away the Conies  
young ones.*

**E**Agle will catch no flies, but he loves Conies,  
Did snatch the young which were their mothers  
She beg'd as for her life, he'd let 'em go, (honey  
He scorn'd her words, and furiously said no:  
That was not all, limb-meal he did them tear  
Before her face, and gave them to his dear  
Young Eagles, for to eat, whom she did love  
As he lov'd them, he thought himself above  
The reach of conies, fearful, feeble souls  
Terrestrial animals, that lurk in holes.  
He king of birds, had built his nest on high,  
Where conies could not come, they could not fly:  
Did therefore as he did, do they their worst  
They could not hurt him, he could but be curst;  
And that he car'd not for, as for their love  
It he regarded not, he dwelt above.  
Them no way of revenge he thought to have,  
What nature had deni'd, vexation gave,  
The tree, where lay his nest she by the roots  
Dig'd up, then he was over shoes and boots;  
Next blast it tumbled down, down came her young  
Unfleg'd, and feeble, lay the beasts among  
Who ate them up, the Conie she had none,  
But better did digest sh' had lost her own.

Mor.

*Let great ones fear to carry 't insolently,  
Conies may grub the tree that's ne're so high;  
One time or other fortune way doth make  
For them that watch their time, revenge to take.*

*Greene's*

*Greatness to injured mean folks mayn't intragle,  
 Conies may come far to check-mate an Eagle.*

F A B. 217.

*Of the Pike a River-fish that desir'd to be King  
 of the Sea.*

**T**He Fish of fishes was a certain Pike,  
 In the fresh water, there was not his like,  
 For fairness, greatness, and for wondrous strength;  
 He knew't too well, made him presume at length  
 To go into the Sea; Dolphin was there  
 King of that place, heat him with his spear,  
 Into the Rivers mouth retreat did he  
 With much ado, he'd go no more to Sea.

Mon.

*Be not ambitious, it is a false motion,  
 Chief of a River may be chiefest in Ocean;  
 That in a City-church perhaps won't do,  
 Which in a Countrey-church makes a fine shew;  
 There's difference 'twixt Mayor and Mayor I trust,  
 A Mayor of London, and of Quinborough.*

F A B. 218.

*Of the Sheep that rail'd upon the Shepherd,*

**I**s strange, a sheep they say, was heard to rail  
 Against her Shepherd, hugely did bewail  
 That he not only took her milk, but fleece,  
 For to do both she thought a cruel piece:  
 He vex'd at that, did kill her young ones too,  
 Then she said he had done all he could do  
 To mischief her, and could do nothing more,  
 Thereby the Shepherd was intrag'd full sore

Not so said he, for I thy self could slay  
 To Wolves and dogs, thy carcass make a prey,  
 That said, the sheep as any fish was mute,  
 He could see things far worse, though but a bruy

Mor.

Doubtless it is not safe for any man  
 To say, or think God has done all he can  
 To punish him, alibough he has done much,  
 God has worse Thunderbolts in store for such:  
 Should God contend with men as he is able  
 Who e're it most, would be more miserable.

F A B. 219.

*Of the Wagoner and the Wagon-wheel that whined,*

**T**hey say a Wagoner did ask his wheel  
 Why the worst whin'd, the other did not deal  
 So with him, they less trouble gave, more gain,  
 She roundly answer'd, sick folks will complain.

Mor.

'Tis common, but it is against all sense  
 That makes folks pensive, should teach patience:  
 The reason is not hard for to divine,  
 The weaker people are more apt to whine.

F A B. 220.

*Of the man that would try his friends.*

**A** Man of honour that was every inch  
 A Gentleman and one that scorn'd to pinch,  
 Kept a most noble house, welcom'd his friends,  
 Had many visiters, for their own ends:  
 He had good flesh, good fish, Claret and Sack  
 For rack and manger, nothing they did lack.

He



He had a mind to try his friends, did fear  
 They were not friends to him, but his good cheer  
 He made a solemn feast, invited all  
 His friends at once (say it were to Gout-ball)  
 (Gave 'em French-wine enough to bring the Gout  
 Or cure it as some say, if they been't out.)  
 Then told his case, a war he must commence  
 Of some great injuries he had a sense;  
 He had receiv'd such as he could not bear  
 Said, all would take his part, that his friends were.  
 Then all excuses made save only two,  
 And pass'd such complements as would not do.  
 Those two he look'd upon to be his friends,  
 Cast off the rest were all for their own ends.

MOR.

*Untill affliction comes no mortal knows  
 Who are his real friends, and who his foes.*

F A B. 221.

*Of the Fox that commended Hares flesh to  
 the Dog*

**F**Ox to the dogs did fear to be a martyr,  
 Seeing his danger he did beg for quarter;  
 Ah Sir said he, my flesh is no good meat,  
 'Twere at your service, if 'twere good to eat;  
 There is a curious Hare, I need not tell you,  
 No better meat can come into your belly.  
 Then strove the dog to make the Hare his prey,  
 He prov'd too swift, (there went the Hare away)  
 The Fox and Hare soon after chanc'd to meet,  
 Why did you wish the dogs my flesh to eat;  
 Sir Reynard, said the Hare, I did commend  
 Your flesh said th' Fox, what to your praise doth tend,

K 2

11

If you can't bear, how can you bear disgrace?  
What if I had revil'd you to your face?

Mor.

Some give good words that thereby they ill deeds  
May bring to pass, Praise they know, envy breeds:  
Extoll in words whom they in heart do scoff,  
As men their worst wares praise, to put them off:  
Let no man say of thee at thy request  
Thou'rt a brave Seaman, then thou wilt be prest.

F A B. 222.

*Of the Hare that beg'd craftiness, and the Fox that  
beg'd speed of Jupiter.*

**H**Ares are more swift, but Foxes more unlucky,  
The Fox as swift, the Hare as much a Jockey  
Desir'd to be, each wish'd accomplishment,  
Jupiter wish'd them both to be content.  
I give impartially, not all to one  
Said he, if so, all the rest must have none:  
How shall Jove please the world? each would be best,  
Please one, and he must displease all the rest.

Mor.

Stand to Jove's dividend, who'er you are,  
It is more equal then you are aware;  
It is his pleasure things thus out should fall,  
All should have something, but none should have all.

F A B. 223.

*Of the Horse that was unhandsome but swift.*

**T**Here was a horse as plain as a Pike-staff,  
They that had trappings at that horse did laugh;

A Race was to be run, that homely Jade  
 They thought was never cut out for that trade;  
 They start, and so did he, he made 'em stare  
 To see that worse than he, all themselves were:  
 He to the Goal came sooner than the rest,  
 Though worse to see, that made him to hear best,

Mor.

A plain Jade is a very hateful thing,  
 But a brave horse though plain may serve a king;  
 We say they handsome are that handsome doe,  
 Although a handsome horse and mettall too  
 Is best of all, if fortune shall divide  
 Them two, the swifter horse, I'd choose to ride.

F A B. 224.

Of the Country fellow that was suffered to come  
 to a Lawyer by the bleating of a Kid.

One had a friend a Lawyer, and he  
 Being in suit, his Client needs would be;  
 He came, and came, and still he was put off,  
 Who without money come, Lawyers do scoff:  
 He busie was, his Clerk did still insist,  
 He only wanted greasing in the fist.  
 The cunning Swain a fat and lusty kid  
 Soon after brought, him bleat he need not bid;  
 He pinch'd him so that he was forc'd to bleat,  
 Then ope the door said he, that's good to eat:  
 Some call it Venison, I do love it well,  
 That I am now at perfect leisure tell  
 The honest man, him very welcome bid,  
 He comes with meat in's mouth, I hear the Kid.

K 3

Mor.

Mor.

All doors will open though e're so close they be,  
 Try but to do it with a silver key;  
 Bring but good fees, and 'tis the Lawyer's pleasure  
 To be always at home, always at leisure.

FAB. 225.

Of an old man that ston'd a young fellow down  
 that stole his Apples.

**A** Naughty boy was got into a tree,  
 To rob an old man's orchard there was he,  
 Whether th' old man his Spectacles had on,  
 He spi'd a Thief his Apple-tree upon:  
 Call'd to him, good Sweet heart prethee come down,  
 Those words were too too soft to give a clown:  
 He took up grass when his words would not do  
 To throw at him, in herbs there's vertue too  
 Said he, then cry'd the boy the old man's mad  
 Flings grass, then he to take up flints was glad;  
 And when to crack his crown he made no bones,  
 I'll try said he what vertue is in stones.

Mor.

Go not to war till all things else be done,  
 Turn every stone for peace ere you throw one;  
 First try what words will do, and then what grass,  
 Stones are the worst of remedies alas.

FAB. 226.

Of the Nightingale that promised the Hawk  
 a Song for her life.

**A** Warbling Nightingale caught by a Hawk,  
 Could by no melody his clutches bawke;

Dear

Dear Sir, said he, be pleas'd to let me go,  
 How thankful I shall be if I let you know;  
 I'll fill your ears with many a pleasant song,  
 Spare but my life and do me but no wrong:  
 You fill my ears said he? pray fill my belly  
 That must be fill'd, that has no ears I tell you;  
 I can well fast from songs, all the year round,  
 But not from meat, for that would soon redound  
 To my great hurt, (in four and twenty hours)  
 My bowels yearn for you, as I am yours.  
 Mon. *How can I be so much your slave?*  
*Let Minstrels stand behind; 'tis a disease*  
*Less to mind what will profit than will please.*

F. A. B. 227.

*Of the Lyon that chose the Hog for his Companion.*

**M**ost creatures to the Lyon did make court  
 To bear him company, 'twas not in sport  
 But in good earnest; he refus'd 'em all,  
 Saving the hog, him he did kindly call.  
 (Much good may do him with his cleanly mate;  
 A kin for that to some who swines flesh hate.)  
 His reason was hogs always friends have been,  
 That would go with their friends through thick and thin;  
 He truly said, 'twas no abusive flout  
 A hog won't leave me when I'm in the dirt.  
 Mon. *How can I be so much your slave?*  
*Him for thy friend to take there's no cause why,*  
*That won't be so in thine adversity.*

*Of the Gnat that beg'd meat and Lodging  
of a Bee.*

**A** Gnat with cold and hunger in great danger,  
Beg'd with the Bees to be at rack and mangery  
Take me into your hives said he, and I  
Will teach your young ones curious melody,  
I am a Fidler. Bees this answer made  
Not so, we'll teach our young ones our own trade  
To get their living, tis to us a riddle  
Who are concern'd to live, should nicely fiddle.  
Mor.

*To childrens education this care give  
So bring them up, they may know how to live.*

*Of an Ass that was the Trumpeter, and a Hare  
that was the Letter-post.*

**T**He King of beaſts with birds combin'd a war,  
He to the earth belongs, they to the air;  
They of two elements could not agree,  
He'd have the Ass and Hare his ſouldiers be:  
The Hare is fearful, and the Ass is ſlow,  
The Bear alledg'd neither of them will doe;  
Said th' Lyon, Ass my Trumpeter ſhall be,  
The Hare my Letter-poſt, for ſwift is he.  
Mor.

*All are of uſe, know we but how to uſe 'em,  
As all may hurt us, if we do abuſe 'em:  
Though it may ſeem in war they uſeleſs are,  
Lyon knows what to do with th' Ass and Hare.*

*Of the Hawks which fell out among themselves,  
which the Pigeons made friends.*

**T**He Hawks among themselves had wote to jar,  
The silly Pigeons laid to heart that war;  
Made peace betwixt them at a solemn diet,  
But then the other birds could not be quiet;  
They least of all as who should say a spight  
They ought them, cause they would not let them fight;  
But husht their civil wars, and made a close,  
Hawks would be fighting, withneth the hawks nose.

*Mor.*

*Help Hawks for to fall out, binder them not  
If they agree, Pigeons must go to pot;  
When they have civil wars laugh in your boots,  
When Thieves fall out, true men come by their goods.*

*P. A. B. 231.*

*Of the Governor that was condemned of money  
unjustly taken.*

**A** Gripping Prietor feather'd had his nest,  
For his exaction was call'd to the test;  
He was a Sponge did hugely suck and suck,  
Was full as he could hold of wealth and muck;  
Came to be squeez'd, (such Sponges squeez'd must be)  
Forc'd to restore his ill-got wealth was he;  
They that first get then loose unlawful gain,  
Conceive with pleasure, but bring forth with pain,  
As women do, one said, that understood,  
He lost what he had got, like drops of blood.

*Mor.*

Mor.

*Stolen goods are sweet when they are first are us'd,  
Bitter as gall, when they're cast up again.*

FAB. 130.

*Of the old man that would put off Death* **T**

**T**O an old man death himself did appear,  
Thou must pack hence said he, as I am here;  
Good Death said he, be patient until  
You give me time, at least to make my Will;  
And for so great a journey to provide;  
He did beg as for life, but was deny'd,  
Said he, great patience 'twas I did not take  
Thee hence e're now, Is thy Will yet to make?  
Time after time I did thee warning give,  
'Tis next a miracle, that thou dost live,  
Your face said he I never saw before,  
Spare me a while, and I'll intreat no more.  
Ne're saw my face? said death, will you say so?  
Who men like grass use with my Sythe to mow;  
Men younger than your self, and children too;  
You must ne're think such an excuse will doe;  
Nay in thy self I a long time have dwelt,  
Me in thine eyes and ears thou might'st have felt;  
Death in thy limbs, and death in all thy senses,  
No warning to have had are vain pretences;  
Life's part in thee death's more than countervail  
Did, though not yet, thou'rt dead as a door nail.  
Therefore old man, let not vain hopes abuse thee,  
March off thou must and shalt, I'll not excuse thee.

Mor.

*Death till it come in earnest is derided,  
And when it comes finds most men unprovided;*

2014

Though



*Though many warning Arrows it doth dart,  
They won't be took men play loth to depart.*

F A B. 233.

*Of the Man that speaks to his bags of money.*

**A**N old Syncator ready for to die,  
Had got his wealth by fraud and bribery:  
Before he di'd would parly with his bag,  
How he came by it he'd no cause to brag:  
But how it should be spent he wish'd to know,  
Whom to make merry it at last should go.  
The bag made answer to his small content  
E'ne upon feasts and whores it will be spent;  
And *Pluto* to enrich, that great tormentor,  
MOR fool wer't thou, to get it at a venture.

MOR,

*'Tis a great vanity that's found in some,  
Fathers with rakes, their sons with pitchforks come;  
Those children mostly richest are they sell,  
Whose parents for their sakes do go to bell;  
What parents toil for till they come to die,  
Children for wine, and women make to fly;  
Who hardly gets his wealth its value knows  
Too well, but what comes lightly, lightly goes.*

LIB.

Though many mourning Arrows it did hurt,  
 They must be took in play and not in smart.

F. 1. B. 233.

Of the Man that spoke to his bag of money.

**A** N old Squire ready for to die,  
 Had got his wealth by hand and industry;  
 Before he did it would partly with his bag,  
 How he came by it he'd no cause to brag;  
 But now it should be gone he wished to know,  
 Whom to make merry with he should go.  
 The bag made answer to his small content  
 It was upon leaves and withered  
 And quite to nought, that great tormentor,  
 A fool was't thou to get it at a venture.  
 'Tis a great vanity that I found in some  
 To labor with water, their son with pitchforks come  
 To be obedient, mostly rich as they tell,  
 Whose parents for their sake do go to hell,  
 When parents will for ill they come to die,  
 To be given for a lie, and money made as they  
 To be ready for the wealth in vain known  
 Too well, but when comes lightly lightly gone.

F. 1. B.

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 N

Of the Fox and the He-goat.



Fox and He-goat both were much athirst,  
Went down into a well (twas much they durst)  
Twas easie to get in, but to get out  
That was the business, it was a tough bout:

Sir Reynard was a Fox, and he could tell  
How to convey himself out of the well.  
Sir Goat saith he, mount your feet on the wall,  
Lower your back, (for now you are too tall.)  
Then clap your head and horns close to your breast,  
When that is done leave me to do the rest:  
I'll leap upon your back and so get out,  
To pluck you after me I do not doubt.  
Thanks to the goat the Fox escap'd full well,  
But how the goat should 'scape he could not tell;  
Then Fox the Carrot-monger, laugh'd in's sleeve,  
To see how he the goat ith' lurch did leave;  
Good Sir said he, from henceforth have a care  
How you go in, until that sure you are  
How to get out again, one shun'd it, when  
He saw no steps were from the Lyons den.

Mor.

Whatsoever you undertake always attend  
Not the beginning only, but the end.

(1714)  
FAB. 2. Of the Fox and the Lyon, vide

FAB. 3.

Of the Fox and the Partridges.

ONE who had store of Cocks a Partridge bought,  
But they with him perpetually fought  
And beat him out of heart, he said they use  
Because I am no cock, mee to abuse.  
But he soon saw because he was no brother  
(I was not, for they did peck at one another,  
He said, when they did peck at one another,  
I am well content, they use me like a brother.

Mor.

If Forreigners abuse thee make no posher,  
Since Country-men deal so with one another.

FAB. 4.

Of the man that tempted Apollo.

A Knavish fellow came to try Apollo,  
Thinking to prove his Oracles were hollow;  
Pretended for to know what they knew not,  
He thought that he had a great purchase got  
Under his cloak a bird, tell me said he,  
Whether this bird alive or dead now be:  
He meant to kill it if he said alive,  
If he said dead, he meant it should survive;  
It is said he, whether of them you will,  
It you may keep alive, or you may kill.

Mor.

Idle conceits do those vain persons follow  
Who think by any means to cheat Apollo;  
No cloak can bide things from omniscieney,  
God must see all things, for God is all-eye.

FAB.

F A B. 5.

*Of the Woman and the Hen.*

**A** Woman had a Hen which every day  
 As the days came about, one egg did lay;  
 Give her more meat thought she, and the May two,  
 She fed her twice for once, but would not do;  
 Then she grew fat and would not lay at all,  
 Cram'd like a Gapon, barren was withall.

Mor.

*Some folks do take great pains estates to get,  
 The Fish once caught they throw away the net,  
 What some Divines do doe this tale doth teach,  
 More Livings that they have, the less they preach.*

F A B. 6.

*Of the Beaver that geldeth himself.*

**B**eavers they say are hunted for their stones  
 For medicinal vertues, they are precious ones;  
 A Beaver that was eagerly pursu'd,  
 Did know it was because he was endu'd  
 With stones of value, he did make no bones  
 To geld, and throw to th' Pursuivant his stones.  
 'Twas to prevent a far more great disaster,  
 The Beaver chose to be a Demy-caster,  
 Eunucht himself to use the Logick Idiom  
 Let th' Species goe, to keep the Individuum.

Mor.

*Ransom thy life with gold and precious stones,  
 To part with all for that make thou no bones;  
 Men drown their goods that they mayn't sink their Barges,  
 Sure none but fools will die for to save charges.*

F A B.

## F A B. 7.

## Of the Tunic and the Dolphin.

**A** Tunic by a Dolphin sorely chaf'd  
 Did wind himself into a Creek at last;  
 The Dolphin did so, too, wounded was he,  
 The Tunic over-joy'd that sight to see:  
 Cry'd out, with all my wounds much good may doe  
 My self, now I do see thee wounded too.

Mor.

*It doth assuage mens griefs, lighten their woes  
 If they have company, and they their foes.*

## F A B. 8.

## Of the Fortune-teller.

**A** Gypsy us'd folks fortunes for to tell,  
 If others, she her own knew not so well  
 Whilst she at market was, telling the maids  
 What husbands they should have, the men what trades  
 How long this boy, and t'other Girl should live,  
 A large account of things to come did give  
 One came and told a story made her sad,  
 Her house was rob'd, Thieves had took all she had;  
 Then was it said she, *Alone Alone,*  
 I can tell others fortunes not my own.

Mor.

*Too many Gypsies in the world there are,  
 That of their own concerns do take no care;  
 Mind other folks, in them they spy all mores,  
 Tug at the Oars they have in others bores;  
 Neglect their own, so them all dooms seem known  
 Of other folks, but they don't know their own.*

F A B.

F A B. 9.

*Of the sick man and the Doctor.*

**A** Man of Gale's trade, to one was sick  
Did come; he felt his pulse, found it too quick;

He ask'd him how he did? in a great sweat

Said he, O that is good, if you do get

No cold upon it, said his loving Quack,

Or drink cold beer, rather a cup of Sack.

Next time he came, he found him cold and chill,

That's very good said he, I like you still;

Better, and better, came for a third see

Then he a loofeness had, that's good said he:

That as one said, Apochironize

May the morbidick cause if you be wise,

One ask'd the man himself, who lov'd no lying,

Said he, Quack saith I'm well, but I am dying.

Mor.

*All flatterers sneak, but the worst of flattery*

*Is to delude folks when about to die.*

F A B. 10.

*Of the Fowler, and the Black-bird.*

**A** Black-bird did a Fowler see full well

Spreading a net, what 't meant he could not tell;

Made bold to ask, but such it seems his wit is,

He made him to believe that he built cities:

He went into the snare (wise-acres he)

Then greatly long'd forthwith releas'd to be;

The Fowler came again, and saw him there,

That this your city was, I see not aware;

L

Said

Said he, who ever such a city grants  
Shall surely have but few inhabitants.

Mor.

Who stirs up fierceness can shew no cause why,  
Cities have never grown by cruelty;  
Who places fill with snares, gins and distresses,  
Do turn great Cities into wildernesses.

FAB. 11.

Of the Traveller and the Dog that was found.

**A** Longsome Journey one had undertook,  
He sought relief from Jove by hook or crook;  
Promis'd what'e're he found he half should have,  
But in conclusion he play'd the knave:  
He Dates and Almonds found (perhaps 'twas Lent)  
But all of them upon himself he spent;  
Only the Almond husks, and stones of dates,  
To Jupiter he boldly dedicates:  
Saying great Jove, I pray thee be content,  
Outsides and insides both, I thee present.

Mor.

Some men they say are so in love with self,  
So cunning too, they'l cheat the Devil himself;  
Nay which is worse, some Jove himself would cheat,  
Give him the stones, and husks, and keep the meat.

FAB. 12.

Of the boy and his mother.

**A** Woman had a son a Horn-book stole,  
As boldly as a Miller might take tole;  
She knew it, so unkindly fond was she  
She whip'd him not, for his thefts A B C.

He



He quickly stole Primmers, and Testaments,  
 And Bibles too, not minding their contents;  
 He grew a thief at length, would have at all,  
 Worthy to have memoirs such as *Du vall*:  
 Came to this end had sentence for to stretch,  
 His mother bare him company, the wretch  
 Got leave to whisper in his mothers ear,  
 As who was loth that other folks should hear;  
 And though a womans ears been'r good to ear,  
 Fastning on hers he made his teeth to meet.  
 I'll have thee by the ears, said he, because  
 Thou didst permit me for to break the laws  
 Of God, and then, sparing thy cruel rod,  
 Cruel, because 'twas spar'd, in grace of God  
 I might have come to good, if thou hadst whipt me  
 And in the bad, when I stole Horn-books, whipt me;  
 Thy seeming kindness was flat cruelty  
 Thanks to thy fondness, I come thus to die.

Mor.

*For less offences early punishment  
 For greater crimes, and th' Gallows may prevent.*

F A B. 13.

*Of the Shepherd that turn'd Seaman.*

A Shepherd kept his sheep near to the Sea,  
 Which when he saw exceeding calm to be,  
 Quoth he, I'll sell my sheep and merchandize;  
 He dealt in Dates, and thought to have a prize;  
 But a storm did arise, a mighty storm,  
 He was compell'd to th' tempest to conform.  
 Which would have all his Lading, if his life  
 It spar'd, thinks he life's sweet, I have a wife

And children that will miss me, Sea, take all  
 But promise that come safe to shoar I shall.  
 He safely came to shoar, soon after saw  
 One wondring that the Sea did stand in awe  
 As 'twere, it was so very still and grave,  
 The Shepherd said, the Sea more Dates would have.

Mor.

When malt and hops and swell all are cheap,  
 Into a Brewhouse every one would leape;  
 But when all these begin to rise again,  
 Then O cries he, that I were out again.  
 Calm times trappan men, make 'em go to Sea,  
 Come storms, and they of other minds will be.

FAB. 14.

Of an old man's Son and a Lyon.

**O**NE to his Son had a young Gentleman,  
 From danger he would keep him if he can;  
 He dreamt he by a Lyon should be kill'd,  
 Was thereupon with dread and terror fill'd:  
 Built him a Pallace, kept him always there,  
 Of Lyons in that place he had no fear:  
 All sorts of beasts he painted on the wall,  
 Hoping for to delight him therewithall.  
 (Because he lov'd to hunt) Lion was one,  
 He soon repented that he had so done.  
 His son the Lion saw, had heard his fame  
 And fathers dream, his colour went and came:  
 Thinks he the Lyon in my fathers dream  
 Hath so confin'd me, I a prisoner seem  
 My father for his sake doth me immove,  
 He dreams of Lyons, sends me to the Tower:

The picture of a Lyon I do hate  
 Dreams pictures are, upon a dream I wait  
 A Lyon pictur'd in my fathers mind  
 When fast asleep, hath made him thus unkind  
 To keep me here, thus his poor son to harras,  
 I'll be reveng'd oth' Lyon in the Arras.  
 Up went his fist, at him with all his might  
 He struck, his hand upon a nail did light:  
 A wretched nail which wofully did peller  
 His tender hand, it thereupon did feller:  
 Brought him into a feaver, by, and by  
 In spite of Doctors the young man did die:  
 Those towring walls could not preserve his breath,  
 When all was done, a Lyon was his death.

Mor,

*Divine Decrees will certainly commence,  
 None can anticipate Gods providence.*

F A B. 15.

*Of the Eagle and the Fox.*

**E**agle and Fox, agreed to dwell close by  
 Each other, to confirm their amity:  
 The Eagle in a tree his house bespoke,  
 Fox his within a mile of the same oak:  
 Yea at the bottome of the Eagles tree,  
 Loth at a greater distance for to be.  
 Fox went abroad, (Foxes hunt far from home)  
 Mean time did th' Eagle to her Kennel come;  
 Took all her Cubs, being to seek for meat,  
 Them, she, and hers, forthwith made shift to eat.  
 Reynard came back, and found an empty box,  
 And seeing that, look'd as red as a Fox:

And pour'd out curses, long as his own tail,  
Whist she her Cubs did passionately bewail,  
After this Eagle stole part of a Kid,  
(Was slain for Sacrifice) and therewith hid  
An unknown firebrand, in his grasse nest,  
Then Fox that curs'd the Eagle himself best,  
The nest was fir'd, the Eagles could not fly,  
Could not be help'd they must fall down and die;  
And did, Sir Reynard smil'd, and said if it fall,  
(As th' nest was tumbling) I will catch it pic-fall,  
Good as his word was he, Eagle's brave meat  
Quoth he, when they good store of Foxes eat:  
They're very young, how tenderly they eat?  
Methinks I never tasted better meat  
Than is an Eagle larded with a Fox,  
'Tis better than the Surloin of an ox,  
This pleases me the best of all I tell you,  
My young ones are come back into my belly.  
Mör.

*Who friendship violater and wrongs allies,  
Will find it upshot he has got no prize;  
If humane justice be shall chance to fly,  
By a just hand from heaven he's like to die.  
To devour sacrifices is no feast,  
Who steals from th' Altar he will, fire his nest.*

PAB. 16.

*Of the Eagle and the Raven.*

Eagle's a King, and can do what he will,  
It was his pleasure a brave sheep to kill;  
The Raven thought that he might do so too,  
He got upon a sheep, it would not do;

To clap upon his back that was the best  
 That he could do, the sheep did him arrest;  
 Made him for to continue where he found him,  
 With Cords of wool to's good behaviour bound him:  
 Then cut his wings and threw him to the boys,  
 To play with him, as they do use with toys;  
 Then one pass'd by and ask'd what bird was he?  
 I took my self an Eagle for to be:  
 His answer was, that fancied foolishly  
 But a poor Raven, without wings am I.

Mor.

'Twill cost thy wings if Pride thee so invenge,  
 To think thou art a Raven, art an Eagle.

FAB. 17.

*Of the Nightingal and the Hawk.*

**T**He Nightingal sing sweetly all alone,  
 The Hawk did change his note and made him moan,  
 Nothing would serve his turn, but he would kill him,  
 He said I'm but a bird, and cannot fill him  
 To fill your ears with musick. He take care,  
 I'm no *Camelion* for to feed on air  
 Said he, my hungry stomach craves for meat,  
 A Nightingal is good for Hawks to eat:  
 I'm but a mouthful can't your belly fill;  
 Said he I shall slide down like a mercur pill;  
 The greater birds are all at your command,  
 His answer was give me a bird ith' hand.

Mor.

Possession's eleven points of the law,  
 Reversions won't fill a hungry man;  
 Something some savour but to break ones fast,  
 A hungry belly's evermore in haste.

L 4

FAB.

F 48. 18.

## Of the Cat and the Cock.

**P**ulls long'd for Cocks, her longing for to save

As many tricks as dancing bear to have  
She was resolv'd; first said folks could not sleep

For him, because he such a noise did keep

No cause said he, you that so ill should take

You know it is my work the folks to wake

You carnally do know Sister and mother

Said he, if you'll have reasons theres another

We Bruits have Bruits said he, whereby we may

Lye with each other, else we cannot lay

Egs as we do, the Cat the question begs

That thinks if we don't so we may lay egs;

Full of excuses said the Cat at last

Methinks you are, but I don't mean to fall

Mor

With some excuses every one would cloak

The worst things that he doth, and yet reach

What they intended, some will not, although

They nothing signifie, they're made to seem

When all pleas fail, some openly profess

They will do what they list, nevertheless

Some know no law or reason has their will

Baffle all they can say, they're the same still.

F 48. 19.

## Of the Fox and the Bramble.

**A** Fox distress'd upon a Bramble got,  
There chag'd to meet what he expected got

His foot was sorely prick'd; feeling his danger,  
Said he, is this your kindness to a stranger?  
Sir Bramble, I for refuge hither fled,  
You have so wounded me I'm almost dead.  
You are a Fox said he, and must be scratch'd;  
Brambles like other creatures can't be catch'd;  
They catch, if you to me for succour call.  
I am a Hedge, I'm not in Hospital:  
'Tis not for them that such fine skins do wear  
As you, but for Hedge-hogs to quarter here.

15 Mon.

*Foxes may lose their wits by great distress,  
Else to a bramble which is mercilest  
A Fox had never gone to beg his aid,  
Some folks appear without all bowels made:  
Their nature is to do but not to do good,  
To seek whom it must be understood  
For helps to gain, they'll hinder if they can  
Or scatch at ear (tho' brambles many a man)  
They'r wofully past to a wofull and scramble,  
Who for relief make suite unto a bramble.*

16 Mon.  
Of the Fox and the Crocodile.

**T**ime was a Fox and Crocodile contended  
Which of them two more nobly was descended;  
Crocodile said, he was, his pedigree  
So ancient was, Nilus's head might be  
As soon found out as the original,  
Of the house whence he came, the Fox did call  
His skin to witness, (as it were a Coat  
Of Arms) his house long since, was of no more:

Said

Said th' Fox by that thy skin it may be seen  
Script of thy glory shou a long time last betwain

It has led no easie life, doubtles to paine  
All thou art worth, whose hands are bled in paine  
Some marks in things pass all sort of doubt,  
Words may be spar'd, when things themselves speak more  
Who can be made believe a horse has yombr  
That sees the mark it quite out of his mouth

FAB. 21.

Of the man and the wooden God.

**O**Ne had a wooden God to whom he pray'd  
For gold and silver, as he wanted aid  
To him the more he pray'd, the less he had,  
That made the man become stark staring mad.  
He took his God by th' heels, strong him he took  
Threw him against the stones, dasht his brains out  
And this he had to recompence his paine,  
Bursting his skull, there he found gold foraine

Mor.

Whoso to wooden Gods do pray, spend worse,  
He rather shall be blest, who such doth curse.

FAB. 32.

Of the Fox and the Hunter.

**A** Fox was hunted, to a Woodman he  
Did fly from the pursuit secur'd to be  
Good Str said he, tell me where I may hide,  
He press'd it hard, and it was not deny'd  
Hide there said he, there you may be secure,  
He seem'd in earnest for he look'd demure:

End.

The



The Hunter came he'd got himself disgrace  
By saying ought, but pointed to the place.

Mor.

Some undo with their hands what with their tongues  
They did, bad fingers have, if not bad lungs;  
Seem to do good, but do hurt in the main,  
Red Cows give good milk, kick it down again.

FAB. 24.

Of the Husbandman.

A Wealthy Yeoman when he lay a dying,  
His children came about him all a crying;  
And where his bags were, much desir'd to know,  
But durst not say a word to him I trow:  
He said to them, When I am dead I bid  
You dig the Vineyard well, there I have hid  
My gold and silver, and my other treasure,  
They dig'd and dig'd and dig'd without all measure:  
But found no money there, but money worth  
For then, the Vineyard's huge crop brought forth.

Mor.

'Tis better for to teach thy Son a Spade  
How for to use, than bring him up a Blade;  
For Blades will spend, whilst Diggers force the earth  
To yield its fruit, and need not fear a dearth;  
If you can do no more care not a fig,  
Leave Sons a Vineyard, say, go dig, go dig.

FAB. 25.

Of the Fisherman.

A Fisherman no master of his Art  
For to catch fish, did set himself apart;

For

For to catch fish, on a pipe he did play,  
 That by his musick come to hand would they  
 He thought, why might not he draw Pike and Carp,  
 As Orpheus drew Beasts, and trees with's harp;  
 The Fish as listning to his pipe lay still,  
 And would not stir at all, which he took ill.  
 He then put up his pipes, us'd them no more,  
 Then he threw in his net, caught fish good store;  
 Which when he ceas'd, to pipe would skip and dance,  
 But when he pip'd would not one step advance:  
 He saw them dance when put out of the net,  
 Ashore, which he with piping could not get  
 Them for to do in their own element,  
 He thought 'em cross, and took great discontent.

MOR.

*Fishes are mutes and silence they love best,  
 Wish them no noise or musicks in request;  
 His great mistake will be cast in his dish,  
 Who useth pipes for nets when he would fish:  
 Who entertains a fish with noise doth dare him,  
 The way to catch a fish is not to scare him,  
 The humour of some Customers is such,  
 They'l give your price if you don't talk too much;  
 Wish silence towards some we must advance,  
 We must not pipe if we'd have fish to dance.*

FAB. 26.

*Of the Fishermen.*

**F**ishermen have a name for patience,  
 Without it to attempt that trade's no sense;  
 Yet some of them out of all patience were,  
 They'd sped so ill that they could not forbear.

For to repine, weary as horses, they  
 And hungry were, and yet had caught 40 prey  
 Packing up to be gone, a Fish there came  
 Of no small bulk, and price, so very tame  
 That it did leap into their Peter boat,  
 'Twas hunted by another you must note,  
 That one was worth a power of other fish,  
 'Twas dear sold, for 'twould make a lovely dish:  
 What pains would do the Fisherman had tri'd,  
 Fortune perform'd, what industry deni'd.

*Mor.*  
 Industrious men use to have best success,  
 Though fortune without pains seems them to bless,  
 She would be thank'd alone and therefore she  
 Cries, give men luck, and throw them into th' sea.

*P A R. 27.*

*Of the Fishermen.*

SOME Fisher-men were over-joy'd, their net  
 Ith' Sea so heavy felt, did hope to get  
 A mighty booty when it came to land,  
 It prov'd another thing, when't came to hand;  
 But the great weight may't please you was a stone,  
 That for a Salmon how did they bemoan.  
 A stone was then the most that they could get,  
 They found that all's not fish, that comes to net:  
 One wiser than the rest, bid them employ  
 Their minds to think, Sorrow's a kin to joy:  
 This was a stone the next a fish may be,  
 Humane vicissitudes we must foresee.

*Mor.*

Man's married to fate and 'tis his curse,  
 He accepts it not for better and for worse;

*Ency*

*Every mans case is thus agone,  
Sometimes we meet with floods, sometimes with fire.*

*Of an old man that wished for Death.*

**A**N aged man, like the man in the moon  
Loaded with sticks, cry'd out he was undone;  
He seem'd to wish for death, tir'd out of measure  
Death quickly came, desir'd to know his pleasure:  
Sir death said he, I nothing else do lack  
But that you'd lift my burthen off my back;  
I laid it down can't get it up again;  
Refresh'd, I'm willing to renew my pain.

*Mor.*

*Life upon any terms most men would have,  
They have a strong aversion to the grave;  
Wishing for death they say they know not what,  
For when death comes, then anything but that.*

*Of the woman and the Physician.*

**A** Womans eyes were very much inflam'd,  
The course she took was no ways to be blam'd;  
Sought to a Doctor for his best advice,  
In case he cur'd her promis'd a great price  
For all his pains, but if she cur'd were not  
By his endeavours, nothing should be got.  
He went to work, bled her, and Issues made,  
And did what else did belong to his trade;  
He clos'd her eyes, lest the light should offend  
Or her or him, her Goods he did intend

*And*

And took them all away, though by degrees  
 And in so doing pay'd himself large fees:  
 When that was done, he told her that she saw,  
 But she said no, and so they went to law;  
 This argument she us'd, 'Twas all in one)  
 Before I could see Goods now can see none.

*Mor.*

They'll contradict themselves who have a mind  
 To save their money, she said she was blind;  
 And yet she saw her goods were taken away,  
 Covetous people care not what they say.

F A B. 301

Of the two Enemies:

**T**WO men there were whom one house could not hold  
 (Though one Ship did) they were so apt to scold;  
 Their enmity was easie to discern,  
 One got to th' Prow, the other to the Stern:  
 'Twas come to that, they had cause to mistrust  
 Whom one house could not hold, one Sea soon must;  
 Of being cast away began to think,  
 He at the Prow did ask which side would sink  
 First of the two, the Pilot said the stern;  
 'Twas like a mighty Cordial from Maynard  
 With a good courage follow him I durst;  
 Said he, if I may but see him go first.

*Mor.*

Some are so bent their enemies to undo,  
 They say we'll perish may they perish too:  
 Revenge on some men hath so great a charm,  
 Their own good's less to them than their foe's harm.

F A B.

*Of the Boy and Fortune.*

**B**lind fortune spi'd a boy wiserp to be  
Close by a well, (strange blind and yet did see)  
Sweet heart to call thee hence Whither came  
Said he, shouldst thou fall in, I'll bear the blame.

*Mot.*

*Some that they might pretend to innocency,  
Cast all their faults upon Gods providence.*

*F. A. B. 31.*

*Of the mice and the Cat.*

**A** Cat perceiv'd a magazine of mice  
In a good house, went thither in a trice;  
Made woful havock did her belly fill,  
Reserv'd the rest time after time to kill.  
Therefore the mice in a full number met,  
To that same trade resolv'd some bounds to set.  
It us behoveth as our selves we love  
Not to go down, say they, but keep above  
Out of the reach of Puss, where she can't come  
Or she'll kill all the mice, as she has some:  
Puss knew their plot, and forthwith did project  
How she might make it be of none effect;  
Hung her self by the heels upon a post  
Not by the neck, she was a cunning toff;  
When they shall see Puss hang'd they'll think she's dead  
Thought she, One mouse had more wit in his head,  
If that be th' Cat I doubt she is not dead.  
Quoth he, she hangs by th' heels not by the head.

*The*

The Proverb saith, Dead women doe not trust,  
Then were she dead, dead Cat much less I must  
Nay though the eighth time dead, for though mens wives  
Doe live but once, they say Cats have nine lives.

Mor.

*Less than a mouse is he that will believe  
A cheating knave that did him once deceive;  
Who cheats me once, a knave shall be his name,  
Mine fool, if I'm twice cheated by the same:  
Of whom by one cheat I have warning I'ne,  
Though'd hang himself shall not cheat me again.*

FAB. 33.

*Of the Ape and the Fox.*

**A**N Ape so neatly danc'd, they made him king,  
'Twas a brave dance that made a royal thing;  
The Fox did think his wit might him advance  
No less than did the Ape his skillful dance:  
'Twould make a Fox look red, to see an Ape  
Prefer'd before him, though he have a shape  
More like to mans, that said, an Ape's an Ape  
And a Fox is a Fox, for all his shape.  
Fox led the Ape (Foxes Apes use to lead)  
The Ape as void of Head as tail, no dread  
Had of the Fox, he led him to a ditch  
Where some body flesh with a snare did pitch  
That is a treasure which belongs to kings  
Said the Fox to the Ape, therefore those things  
Are thine, he pleas'd to seize them to thy use;  
He catcht at them, was caught, soon saw th' abuse  
The Fox had put upon him, and complain'd  
Of his deceit, but thereby only gain'd

M

This

This answer, thou hast well deserv'd this thing,  
For thinking thou deserv'dst to be a king.

Mor.

*Ambition ends in scorn, when an Ape dares  
Accept of Kingship, Foxes will lay snares;  
Aim not too high, nor dare to fly at all,  
Who vainly soar, take but the greater fall.*

F A B. 34.

*Of Jupiter and the Crow.*

OF Birds a great assembly Jove did call,  
To try which was the finest bird of all;  
The finest bird he did intend for King,  
(For personage in a Prince is a good thing)  
The Crow had notice what was to be done,  
He a Competitor would be for one.  
Of every handsome bird he got a feather,  
Preparing of himself for to go thither  
Came finest of 'em all, for he had all  
The finenesses of birds, both great and small:  
He did outshine them all at the first sight,  
With their own feathers, which did raise great spight;  
Then every one made bold to take his own,  
When that was done, so ugly there was none  
As was the Crow, like Negroe that had been  
Clad in fine cloaths, but now strip'd to the skin.  
Thou fool said they, didst thou aim to be king?  
Because thou hadst got this and that fine thing;  
Which thou from others borrow'd hadst, or stole,  
Now having but thy own, thou'rt a sad fool.

Mor.

*The man that's all Quotations is a Crow  
Full of fine feathers, other folk's, I trow.*

If



*If strip of them be and his feathers be,  
As black and ugly as a Crow is he;  
Let not men seem to exceed their own selves,  
They're only fine, who're fine in their own feathers.*

F A B. 35.

*Of the Smith and the Dog.*

**S**Mug had a dog full slick and smug might be,  
While Smug wrought hard, idle as dog was he;  
Under the Anvil he did lie and Inort,  
All the while that his master had resort  
With's Hammer thereunto, about his work  
As one was unconcern'd, there he did lurk:  
Until to dine his master did betake him,  
When that time came he needed none to wake him,  
From under th' Anvil, he got under th' table;  
He made no bones of bones, he was so able  
Them first to chew, and then for to digest,  
The Smith observing this himself thus blest:  
Bless me said he, how shall poor I find meat?  
For a Dog will ne're work but always eat.

Mor.

*The dog that will not work let him not eat,  
Why should one live upon another's sweat.*

F A B. 36.

*Of a Male.*

**T**He Son of Monsieur Als, and Madam mare  
Call'd Male, was wanton made with too good fare;  
Then said my father a great Courser was,  
But quite forgot his Mother was an Als;

I am as like him as ere I can look  
 Said he, and for my father have been took;  
 He was to run a race, no race could run,  
 He soon desisted after he begun:  
 Then said no wonder I so soon do tire,  
 Now I remember an Ass was my Sire.

Mor.

*Folks in prosperity oft play the fools,  
 Think themselves horses, when they are but mules.*

F A B. 37

*Of a Physician.*

A Doctors Patient hapned for to die,  
 Unto his friends he would needs shew cause why;  
 It was he said, because he would drink wine  
 And take no Clysters, else he did divine  
 He might have liv'd, one said it was too late  
 To say this now, Inexorable fate  
 Had done its work, this counsel you should give  
 Your Patients, said they, whilst they do live.

Mor.

*Who gives advice, doth but his friends besool,  
 To shut the Stable, when the Steed is stole.*

F A B. 38.

*Of the Dog and the Wolf.*

A Wolf had seiz'd a dog that was but thin,  
 A Rascal of his body, but meer skin  
 And bone, who pleaded he was yet but carrion,  
 Besought that him some longer time he'd tarry on;  
 His master shortly was to have a feast,  
 Would cost the life of many a bird, and beast;

A.

A Wedding-feast he said, spare the poor dog  
 Til then, 'twill make him fat as any hog,  
 And then my flesh said he will be rare meat,  
 As sweet and short as venison it will eat;  
 Knowing the honesty of dogs, the wolf  
 Suffered him for that time to shoot the Gulf  
 And to escape, not doubting but his tongue  
 Was right, there is such vertue in his dung:  
 It cures those persons that sore mouths bemoan,  
 Blister by lying he will not his own;  
 Soon as he thought the dog was fat indeed  
 The wolf did come, not without hope to speed:  
 When he came first, the dog slept at the door,  
 But took such warning he'd sleep there no more  
 But slept within; then call'd the wolf, Sir Dog  
 Make good your word, you'r now fat as a hog:  
 It may be so said he, take t'other bout  
 With me, when you do see me sleep without;  
 If at the door you find me, in a mortar  
 Beat me the second time, I'll crave no quarter,  
 Mor.

*Wise men take warning, and will come no more  
 Abroad, if they call & keep the wolf from th' door.*

## F A B. 39.

*Of the Lyon and the Bull.*

**T**O bate a Bull A Lyon, did design  
 And eat him then, his policy was fine:  
 Meaning to sup with him, with him to sup  
 Invited him, thinking to eat him up;  
 Sir Bull said he, I have a curious sheep,  
 Help me to eat it, for it will not keep.

A complement some use, Sir Bull lov'd malton,  
 Did he or not, Lion call'd not a Burton;  
 'Twas Beef he long'd for, Beef is King of meat,  
 Bull was call'd to be eaten, not to eat,  
 Which he discern'd not, till he saw no sheep  
 I th' Lions tent, then he began to peep  
 Seeing huge fires and spits, in a wrong box  
 Am I said he, here's fire to roast an Ox;  
 Away he trudg'd, seeing the Lion gull  
 Him meerly with a sheep, it was a Bull  
 By all those fires, Caldrons, and spits, he'd have;  
 When he was out of reach, he call'd him knave.

Mor.

*If some lay snares, some again are amiss,  
 For to escape all snares which they devise.*

F A B. 40

*Of the Lyon that lov'd a Countrey-mans daughter.*

**A** Lyon greatly lov'd a Countrey-Lass,  
 How to get friends consent all his care was;  
 He pray'd her father would consent at least,  
 I'll not my daughter marry to a beast  
 Said he, then did the Lyon frown, and roar,  
 When he saw that, he durst refuse no more.  
 Part from thy teeth said he, and pare thy paws,  
 My daughter shall be thine, in spite of laws;  
 But of those things she's really afraid,  
 He that would marry must not scare the maid:  
 Lyon yields every thing for which he calls;  
 Parts with his keys to gain her Virginals;  
 And par'd his paws, to shake her by the hand,  
 That done, she was no more at his command.

Said

Said he, not then shall I my daughter wed  
 To an old beast has ne're a tooth in's head;  
 Sir Lyon if that now you rampant be,  
 I'll make you couchant e're I've done with you:  
 Stood over him like *Hercules* with a club,  
 Basted his son-in-law, as a young Cub.

Mor.

*Lions are Lyons because such provision  
 Of arms they have, or they'd be a derision;  
 Whoso disarms himself doth meerly dote,  
 Let enemies know it, and they'll cut his throat:  
 He worthy is to be receiv'd with laughter,  
 Will to a Beast, though a Lyon match his daughter.*

F A B. 41.

*Of the Lioness and the Fox.*

**A** Fox made bold to jeer a Lioness,  
 Although a Queen, like a meer *Joan or Bess*;  
 The cause was slight, but one whelp at a Litter  
 She had, but yet her taunts were very bitter;  
 There is no cause why me thou shouldst cry sic on  
 For one whelp at a time since 'tis a Lyon,  
 Said the brave Lioness, a royal Babe  
 It is, thou hast but Cubs thour foul-mouth'd drab,

Mor.

*This as a certain rule be understood;  
 It matters not how many but how good;  
 What holds in wiver, may it not hold in any  
 Thing else? one good's enough, one bad's too many.*

## F A B. 42.

*Of the Wolf and the Lamb.*

**A** Wolf with harmless Lamb would please his gust,  
 He would doe thar, and yet he would seem just  
 Erected a high Court, did him indite,  
 That he of old had done him great despight;  
 Then said the Lamb, that surely is not true,  
 For then before I was I hurt did doe.  
 My grasse you eat, Lamb wasn't so much an Ass  
 But he could say, I've no teeth to eat grasse:  
 You drink my water, with words soft as silk  
 He said, may't please you I drink naught but milk;  
 Though by your words you innocent appear  
 Said th' wolf, I am resolv'd to have good chear.

Mor.

*Who Innocents are minded to abuse,  
 Them in the first place study to accuse  
 Of no small crimes, to justify the same,  
 Are much concern'd to ruine their good name:  
 Though all be false they spread reproaches thick,  
 Throw dirt enough, think they, something will stick.*

## F A B. 43.

*Of the two Cocks that fought one with another.*

**I**T is a common thing for Cocks to fight  
 One with another, Hens have not less spight  
 But want their courage, time was two Cocks fought,  
 One with the others Hen would needs be naught;  
 Cock the Whore-master Chanc'd for to prevail,  
 Which made the honest cock himself bewail;

For

For to appear abroad he thought unmeet,  
 Cause he a Cuckold was, and also beat:  
 The conquering Cock scorn'd to abide below,  
 From the House-top did 'ore the conquer'd crow  
 Clapping his wings, great insolency when  
 He did both tread the cock and tread his hen.  
 Then a great Eagle with a mighty force  
 Came down upon him, bid him take his course  
 Help himself as he could, out of his claw,  
 How he abus'd the conquer'd cock he saw:  
 He'd give him to his young ones for to eat,  
 A lusty Cock with Bacon is good meat;  
 The Cuckold cock all these things saw and heard,  
 His Rival gone, himself was not afraid  
 For to appear, and own his ravish'd hen;  
 Over his conquer'd foe he triumph'd then.

Mor.

*When thou dost prosper be not Cock on hoop  
 O're others, time may come when thou mayst droop;  
 The upper spokes come down, the lower rise,  
 No man's at once both insolent and wise:  
 An Eagle may have thee at a bad lock,  
 And punish wrongs done to a shifiless cock.*

F A B. 44.

*Of the Calf and the Hind.*

**W**As not the Hind a Calf? whom calves did fear,  
 That he the little dogs would dread and fear;  
 The dogs are less and have no horns to fight  
 Withall, said they, why should the dogs thee fright?  
 Thou art more swift, hast better feet than they,  
 And come the worst to th' worst, canst run away:

Though

Though this be true, Nature has me so made  
Said he, that when dogs bark I am affraid.

Mor.

Though they in bulk and strength exceed, yet scarce  
Comardly natures will make sons of Mars.

F A B. 45.

*Of the Bee and Jupiter.*

**T**He waxie Bees with honey *Jove* presented,  
He them a good reward if but contented  
With reason meant to give, ask what you will,  
Said he, that's just, I'll your request fulfil.  
It seems they thought revenge as honey sweet,  
And did ask more revenge than *Jove* thought meet  
*Jove* is a God that hates revenge and strife,  
They said, who steals our honey take his life;  
But *Jove* has love for men and for their lives,  
Won't have them die meerly for emptying hives:  
Showing his great dislike of what they said,  
Rather than so, this good law shall be made  
Said he, if ye sting men and loose your sting  
Thereby, I'll with your death avenge the thing.

Mor.

*Some to themselves procure an evil fate,  
Whilst spitefully they others imprecate,*

F A B. 46.

*Of the Flie.*

**A** Flie into a mess of pottage sell,  
How to get out again he could not tell;  
To put a good face on't he thought was best,  
And so he pass'd it over with a jest:

Having



Having to eat, to drink, to bath'd, to die  
 I'm well content, said he, worms take the fly;  
 Now he's good meat, and fat as e're he'l be,  
 You'l wish him now if when you're well you see,

Mor.

He're seem hard things too much to bears to take,  
 Always the best of a bad Market make.

F A B. 47.

*Of the young man and the Swallow.*

**A** Wastful Heir had brought himself to lack  
 All necessaries but cloaths to his back;  
 Seeing one Swallow fly, the time of year  
 He guess'd from thence, and said Summer was near:  
 He sell my cloaths said he, his cloaths he sold,  
 'Twas not mid-winter yet, prov'd very cold.  
 Swallow soon after came that way again,  
 He had undone him th' young man did complain  
 And himself too, the cold had almost kill'd him,  
 Thenceforth to serve him so no more he will'd him.

Mor.

Who would conclude a war seeing one Drummer?  
 One Swallow (as they say) don't make a Summer;  
 Such a poor inference Reason would have thwarted,  
 But a fool and his money are soon parted.

F A B. 48.

*Of a Woodman.*

**A** Woodman fell'd a tree, which did grow nigh  
 A River dedicate to Mercury,  
 His ax did chance to fall into the River,  
 He pray'd to Mercury it to deliver.

Then

Then Mercury brought an Axe of pure gold made,  
 This yours said he? 'twas none of his he said;  
 A silver axe he brought in the next place,  
 To say that that was his he had not the face:  
 Then take them both for yours said Mercury,  
 I love thee well because thou wouldst not lye.  
 Another Woodman confident did waxe  
 By this, into the River threw his axe;  
 Of his lost Axe he sadly did complain,  
 Pray'd Mercury to help him to 't again:  
 (Mercury was like Mall-cut-purse in my mind,  
 It seems he could not only hide, but find)  
 Then Mercury brought him an axe of gold,  
 To say that that was his he did make bold;  
 Thou a gold Axe said he thou shalt have none,  
 Who what was none of thine, didst call thine own.

Mor.

*As Poets feign 'mongst Numens there are Gods,  
 Mercury was none of the most honest Gods;  
 Yet be rewarded vertue, and a Lye  
 Was here discountenanc'd by Mercury:  
 Few men so wicked are. Such Gods are none,  
 Who wickedness in others won't discern.*

F A B. 49.

*Of the Hares and the Frogs.*

**T**HE Hares were melancholy as a Cat,  
 Men, Eagles, dogs pursu'd them; it was that,  
 That every body was their enemy,  
 So troubled them they'd drown themselves and die:  
 As they came by some Frogs did leap in first,  
 ('Twas Cowardice, not courage that they durst)  
 Scar'd with the noise, one wiser than the rest

Said to the Hares, follow 'em we had not best;  
 For what we thought we find not true to be,  
 That of all creatures most distressed are we:  
 We do see men and eagles and mad dogs,  
 There are that do fear us, to wit, the Frogs;  
 Unless most wretched of all things we were,  
 To drown our selves we're mad as a *March-Hare*.

*Mor.*

*Men think that bear their miseries they may,  
 If others seem to endure more than they.*

*F. A. B. 50.*

*Of the Serpent and the Husbandman.*

**A** Boy a Serpent struck, he bit the boy,  
 He di'd of's wounds that was his fathers joy;  
 He would have kill'd the Serpent, but did fail,  
 Aim'd at his head but only cut his tail,  
 With his sharp Axe, would after have been friends  
 When that was done, and made him some amends,  
 Took for that end Honey, Salt-water, meal,  
 Invites the Serpent, who'd not with him deal,  
 Excuse me Sir said he, your invitation  
 I can't accept, there's some dissimulation,  
 To make us friends is a thing can't be done,  
 Whilst I think of my tail, thou of thy son.

*Mor.*

*It is not safe to trust thy self with those,  
 Unto whom mutual injuries thee expose.*

*Of the Hen and the Fox.*

**T**O a sick hen a Fox did make a visit,  
Knocking at th' door, the Hen cry'd out who is it?  
Knocks at my door? Sweet heart said Fox 'tis I,  
I hear you are not well, Hen did reply  
I shall be well enough when you are gone,  
Hens can't be well, whilst Foxes do look on.

*Mor.*

*Whoever loves me not, if chuse may I,  
Give me his room, and not his company.*

*Of the Fox.*

**T**He Grapes were ripe enough for Foxes fast,  
To strip the Vine Sir Reynard did make haste,  
Us'd all the wit he had to get a cluster  
Or two, but could not do 't with all his bluster.  
Then he resolv'd to come off with a jest,  
Yet they're not fit to eat, but sour at best.

*Mor.*

*Whoso by Hunting cannot get to eat  
A Hare, had best to cry she's but dry meat.*

*Of the Fowler and the Partridge.*

**A** Partridge far from meagre, (they are plump  
You know,) by Fowler took, began to hump;  
And whining said, Sir Fowler if that thou  
Spar'st me, I'll bring thee Partridges enough:

*Then*

Then th' Fowler said, thou well deserve'st to die  
Offering to spoil thy friends by Treachery.

Mor.

E'ne let him come to an untimely end,  
Who is so base as to betray his friend.

F A B. 54.

*Of the Hare and the Tortoise.*

**A** Hare did jeer a Tortoise for his feet,  
Boasted that he himself was far more fleet;  
Then said the Tortoise let us run a race,  
I am as swift as thou, won't bate th' an ace:  
It was agreed by mutual consent,  
To stand to th' Foxes wise arbitrement;  
So 'twas a match, Tortoise did forthwith start,  
The Hare did rest awhile, as swift as hart  
Thinking her self to be, then to the Goal  
She ran, but giving part she lost the whole:  
Tortoise was got there first, for by the way  
When the Hare made a halt, he did not stay.

Mor.

Ten to one he'l prove best in the event,  
Not who's most nimble, but most diligent.

F A B. 55.

*Of the Sallow and the Axe.*

**A** Xes not only fell trees with their edges,  
But when that's done, do out of them make wedges,  
Wherewith to cleave themselves Sallow took't ill,  
Wedges of Sallow should the Sallow spill;  
Wood from her bowels should her bowels tear,  
She thought such wedges most unnatural were:

'Tis

'Tis not so ill an Axe should fell a tree,  
As by a Sallow wedge thus cleft should be.

Mor.

'Tis not so sad to fall by enemies,  
As when birds we brought up, pick out our eyes.

FAB. 56.

*Of the Peach-tree and the Apple-tree.*

**T**He Peach and Apple-tree had great contest,  
'Twas about that, which of them two were best;  
The Bramble over heard the scoulding, he  
Said th' Law is chargeable, good friends agree.

Mor.

*When quarrels among great ones do increase,  
Sometimes poor Brambles may help to make peace.*

IsC D FAB. 57.

*Of the Mole and its Dam.*

**A**Proud young Mole (some moles are black and proud)  
Unto his Dam was heard to say aloud  
I smell a filthy scent, high chimneys see,  
I hear a noise of hammers, he would be  
Thought better than he was, and that he might  
Be so, he did pretend not to want sight:  
For all your haſt then ſaid his Dam, I tell,  
You ſeem to want both ſight, and ſcent, and ſmell.

Mor.

*As if they could do all things ſome make ſhew,  
But upon ſearch are found can nothing do.*

FAB.

F A B. 58.

*Of the Wasps, the Partridge and the Husbandman.*

**A** Partridge and a wasp were much athirst,  
Both gave good words, though wasps use to be curst;  
They gave good words to a poor Countrey-man,  
If help them to a little drink he can,  
And will, one promis'd he would dig his ground,  
His vines to greater profit should redound.  
The waspish Wasp did promise with his sting  
To keep off Thieves, and to guard every thing;  
I have two Oxen said the Countrey-man,  
Which promise nothing yet do all they can;  
For to give strangers drink, I can't afford,  
'Tis for my Ox, He's better than his word.

Mor.

*Ne're give to them who can do nought but crack,  
Who silently do all let them ne're lack.*

F A B. 59.

*Of Jupiter:*

**W**hen Jove his Wedding kept (for Gods had wives  
As Poets feign, for th' comfort of their lives,)  
Him at that feast all creatures did present,  
He in good part took each ones complement  
Saving the Serpents, whom he did expose,  
Who in his mouth to him did bring a Rose:  
Roses from prickles we do not refuse,  
But from a serpents mouth he would not use.

Mor.

*Jove bates a Serpent, and man Serpentine,  
Thy Rose doth stink, said he, because 'tis thine.*

N

F A B.

F 4 B. 60.

Of the Flea.

**A** Flea as brisk as any Body-louse  
 Nipt a mans back, as he slept in his house  
 Which made him wake, and cry who's that bites me?  
 May't please you Sir said he 'tis but a Flea  
 Let it not greatly trouble you if he bite,  
 For what is less vexatious than a Flea-bite?  
 Or fleas must suck folks skins or else be starv'd,  
 Nature to them no other food hath carv'd;  
 It is all one for that the good man said,  
 If you will stay my skin you shall be stay'd  
 Since you to folks asleep this trouble give,  
 It is a thousand pities fleas do live.

Mor.

If that to others then injurious be,  
 'Twill not excuse thee that thou'rt but a flea.

F 4 B. 61.

Of the flea and the man.

**A** Skip Jack Flea bit a mans foot so hard  
 He downright angry was with him, amar'd,  
 Crush thee, I that I will, betwixt my nails  
 Said he, he did but say so, for he fails  
 Of doing as he said, *Monsieur le frisk*,  
 That nimble youth for's worship was too brisk,  
 After a fierce assault made his escape,  
 Whilst th' bitter man did for his ruine gape:  
 A foolish man cry'd out O *Hercules*!  
 Wouldst thou not with thy club keep off the fleas?

Wouldst



Wouldst thou stand by and not do me that right?  
What serves thy Club for if that fleas may bite?

Mor.

*The Gods concern themselves (for so they pl, ase)  
In smallest matters, e'ne as small as fleas;  
What they will doe, and what we may is ods,  
For flea-bites we may not invoke the Gods.*

FAB. 62.

*Of the Husband and his wives.*

**A** Man of middle-age had over-done,  
Married two wives, which were too much by one;  
One was a young wife, t' other was an old,  
When two wives meet, 'tis much if they don't scold;  
To please 'em both the Man had much ado,  
For each to be his favourite did sue.  
Each kemb'd his head, and laid it in her lap,  
Betwixt 'em both, he soon came to's night-cap:  
A cap he wanted for he had no hair,  
The young one had pluckt out all that gray were;  
The old one all the black, thus pull'd and hall'd,  
In the conclusion he became quite bald.

Mor.

*There is no end of pleasing every body,  
He that shall offer that, shall prove a noddy  
With a bald pate, young ones pull off the grey  
Hairs from our heads, old wives the black ones, they  
Have no more for to please than you needs must,  
That you shall please too wives at once, ne're trust:  
They're best that without more contented are,  
To please but one wife at a time is fair.*

F A B. 63.

*Of one that promis'd impossibilities.*

**O**Ne that was hardly worth one single Cow  
 In all the world, when sick, to Jove did vow  
 But spare his life, a thousand oxen he  
 Would caule to him should sacrificed be.  
 When his wife said 'twas more than he could do  
 I'll save my oxen and my credit too  
 Said he, my will to live I do discover,  
 'Tis ten to one that I shall not recover.

Mor.

*An errand cheat we say would cheat his father,  
 But for an errand cheat account him rather  
 Who would cheat Jove, and make him so believe,  
 As if omniscience he could deceive.*

F A B. 64.

*Of the Frogs.*

**F**Rogs must have liquor, wherefoe're they dwell,  
 Troubled with dropfies as their looks do tell;  
 The Fen in which they dwelt was now grown dry,  
 In Summer-time, and thereupon they fly  
 From thence, to seek another habitation  
 One of them spi'd a well, made Proclamation  
 Unto his fellow, that there was a place  
 Was for their turn, quoth he, bate me an ace  
 Of that, for if this Well shall dri'd up be  
 When we are in, then how get out shall we?

Mor.

*They Whoso venture have but a bad bow,  
 Who when they're in know not how to get out.*

F A B.

F A B. 65.

*Of the Dog and the Cock*

**T**WIXT Dog and Cock a League of amity  
 Concluded was, would near each other lye;  
 The winged Cock did roost upon a tree,  
 Ith' hollow root his lodging for to be  
 The dog did chosse, the Cock crew in the night,  
 Fox heard him cant, and came e're it were light:  
 Profeſt a love for creatures that could ſing  
 So well as he, ſaid muſick's a ſweet thing;  
 Pray Sir come down ſaid he I'de you embrace,  
 'Tis a great joy to me to ſee your face;  
 Said th' Cock I am ſhut in, and now before  
 I can get out, th' Porter muſt ope the door:  
 Good Fox to th' Porter call ſaid he, and I  
 Will wait upon your worſhip preſently.  
 He woke the Porter, though it were too rare  
 The dog got up, did th' Fox in pieces tear.

Mor,

*Who acteth like a Fox may chance to know,  
 He is no leſs a Fox than is his foe.*

F A B. 66.

*Of the Lyon and the Bear*

**A** Bear and Lyon 'twixt them got a Fawn,  
 Fought whoſe it ſhould be till the day did dawn;  
 Wounded each other almoſt mortally,  
 For want of Chirurgeons both were like to die:  
 And then they layd them down one by another,  
 Fawn lay ith' midſt as he had been a brother.

N 3

Soon

Soon after that, the Fox the Fawn did spie,  
Said to himself, I'll at him presently;  
The Fox snatch'd up the Fawn and ran away,  
The Bear and Lyon still, and half dead lay,  
Alas said they, we have took all the pains,  
The subtle Fox possesseth all the gains.

Mor.

*It is a common case, some great pains take  
To win, and others all th' advantage make.*

F A B. 67.

*Of the Bat, the Bramble, and the Cormorant.*

**A** Bat, a Bramble, and a Cormorant,  
Agreed that each of them would turn merchant  
Bat borrow'd money, threw't into the stock,  
The Bramble got a Suit of cloaths, and Frock:  
The Cormorants merchandize was all in brasse,  
They all did put to sea, but then alas  
A mighty storm cast their ship on a strand,  
And then with much ado they got to land:  
Since that the Cormorant hath dwelt nigh the Sea,  
Watching if any brasse thence cast up be,  
Bat flies the light as being much in debt,  
Left upon him his Creditors should set;  
Bramble at every bodie's cloaths doth snatch,  
Hoping in time his own again to catch.

Mor.

*What folks have set their hearts upon, we find  
On all occasions, will come to mind.*

F A B.

## FAB. 68.

*Of the wild Boar and the Fox*

**A** Boar stood by a tree and his tusks whet,  
 Fox passing by, said 'twas not time as yet  
 To whet his tusk, no enemy appear'd,  
 For laying so the Fox the wild boar fear'd:  
 When enemies appear this is the state  
 Oth' case, to whet my tusks will be too late.

Mor.

*Forewarned and fore-armed we ought to be,  
 Before such time as enemies we see.*

## FAB. 69.

*Of the Lark*

**T**He singing Lark (whose leg is worth a Kite)  
 Into a net unhappily did light;  
 Sang sweetly there yet not without regret,  
 But had no list for to dance in a net:  
 Said I am thrown in prison, know not why,  
 For no mans gold or silver stole have I  
 But some few grains of corn, was all the vow'd  
 That she had took, grains us'd to be allow'd.

Mor.

*There are that sell their lives for an old song,  
 Adventuring to do some petty wrong.  
 Great is't eye of the Law, they are no Sages  
 Will venture hanging, for but Hangmans wages.*

## Of the Covetous man.

**A** Miserable Hunk's bury needs must;  
 His golden wedge ith' earth, so dust to dust;  
 Therewith he buried his heart alive,  
 When's gold was gone how could his heart survive?  
 He daily went a Pilgrim to that place,  
 How great soe'er was the distance of space,  
 That made a thief mistrust, or else a thief  
 By that mistrust was made, 'twas his belief  
 Some treasure there was hid, he went and took  
 It quite away, Its owner came to look  
 After it as he us'd, which missing there,  
 He 'gan to rage and storm, and tear his hair,  
 Till one pass'd by and said, you nought did use  
 That's gone, therefore you had it not to lose:  
 Put a stone in its stead, and fancy there  
 A treasure is, and you'll be as you were.

Mor.

*We worse than want, whate'r we do abuse,  
 And really have not what we don't use.  
 It comes to one, so undergo a dearth  
 Of money, and to bury it in the earth.*

## Of the Tortoise and the Eagle.

**T**O th' Eagle Tortoise said, teach me to fly,  
 Approach the Sun like thee, how fain would I?  
 The Eagle said, do not this racket keep  
 At me for wings, nature would have thee creep;

Could

Could he have flown at all, ith' Eagles face  
 He would have flown, that his words had no place  
 With him, it forced him to fall a weeping,  
 The Eagle should tell him of always creeping;  
 That seen, the Eagle in his claws him snatch'd,  
 She wish'd to be so caught, and so was catch'd  
 About the middle Region; said, that I  
 Now will make tryal, how that you can fly.  
 Betake you to your wings, I'll let you go,  
 What a brave bird you are you straight shall know:  
 Then let him go (as in a River him  
 A man might do, whom nought will serve but swim;  
 In spite of fate he will, I that he will,  
 Above his depth, then saith he take thy fill.)  
 When thus let go his ruine was at hand,  
 He had no wings nor there on legs could stand;  
 He fell upon a rock, his brains flew out,  
 And that was all his flight, a dismal bout.

Mor.

*When Eagle fighted people do advise,  
 We shall mind what they say if we be wise;*

F. A. B. 72.

*Of the Hind.*

**O**Nly one seeing eye had a poor Hind  
 That fed on the Sea-shoar, t'other was blind;  
 Thought with her self that for her safety she,  
 Had best turn her blind-side towards the sea;  
 A Sailer sailing by, saw she was blind,  
 She can't see me said he, have at the Hind:  
 Then winking with one eye he did take aim,  
 And to her side a Bullet quickly came;

With

Wish that the wretched Hind was sadly checkt;  
 A broad-side on that side did not expect;  
 But on the other side look'd for a foe,  
 But where 'twas look'd for she receiv'd no blow.

Mor.

It is a common case to be undone,  
 By wrongs from those from whom we look for none;  
 And we oft look for mischief for a spurs,  
 From those who never meant to do us hurt.

F A B. 73

Of the Hind and the Lyon.

**A** Timorous Hind did from a Hunter fly,  
 Fearing lest else she by his hands should die;  
 Into the Fire out of the Frying-pan,  
 Knows not how she avoid the Lyon can;  
 For in a Cave where she expected shelter,  
 Full butt she met him put her out of kelter.  
 Woe to the Hind saith she, must make a Feast,  
 Shunning a man I've hit on the worst beast;  
 (In point of cruelty) (they call him king,  
 Of Beasts) for mercy man's another thing.

Mor.

Their often shiftings some have cause to curse,  
 They mend the murther so they make it worse;  
 Wholly the company of civil men,  
 Meeting with beasts are drawn into their den.

F A B. 74

Of the Hind and the Vine.

**A** Hind pursu'd took shelter from a Vine,  
 Whilst he fear'd danger had no list to dine;

When



When th' Pursuivant was gone, began to browse  
 Upon the Vine, where he before did house;  
 And then the Hunter saw his hand appear,  
 For he look'd back, and said, 'tis well you're there:  
 You think to eat your morsels all alone,  
 But by your favour I mean to make one.

But first I'll send and see if I can reach thee,  
 With my barb'd arrow, and more justice teach thee  
 Then to destroy the bridge, which thou went'st over,  
 So much ingratitude for to discover:  
 The Hind the Arrow hit, said th' fault is mine,  
 The Vine did save me I would spoil the vine.

Mor.

*A mischief be his speed who's res an actor,  
 To ruine him that is his Benefactor.*

F A B. 75.

*Of the Ass and the Lion.*

**A** Cock and Ass did chance to feed together,  
 The Lyon with'd for both, but could get neither;  
 The Cock by crowing made him run away,  
 When Cocks do crow Lions do quake they say:  
 The Ass was such an Ass he thought 'twas he,  
 That made the Lion so afraid to be.

But more an Ass because he did pursue him,  
 Who doubtless watch'd a time for to undo him;  
 When the Cocks crowings he no more could hear,  
 Then th' Lion did the Ass in pieces tear:  
 How worthy of my name said th' Ass was I,  
 Who sprung from cowards did with Lyon vie?

Mor.

*A flying enemy may do the feat,  
 Parthians shoot arrows as they do retreat:*

*Lions*

*Lions that can have Affes as this look;  
 They'l be no more pursu'd when rid abt Cock;  
 Affes if they themselves would not wade,  
 Must not adventure Lions to pursue.*

## FAB. 76.

*Of the Gardiner and his Dog.*

**A** Gardiners Dog did fall into a Well,  
 How to get out again he could not tell;  
 In went the Gardiner for to fetch him out,  
 The jealous dog did grin and turn about  
 And made his teeth on him to meet, in spight  
 (Why should he show his teeth if he'd not bite?)  
 He comes to sink me down further thought he,  
 Who only came that drown'd he might not be;  
 I'm rightly serv'd said he would save an elf,  
 Whose resolution was to kill himself.

## Mor.

*Through jealousie men often misbehave 'em,  
 Thinking they came to sink who come to save 'em;  
 Groundless suspicion Reason so impairs,  
 Men seek their lives who seek for to save theirs.*

## FAB. 77.

*Of the Swine and the Dog.*

**A** Swine and dog did rail at one another,  
 There's no such ods they should make such a pother;  
 The Swine by Venus swore she'd tear the dog;  
 You swear by Venus, Venus hates a hog,  
 Said the brisk Cur, doth from her Chappel bear,  
 All those who Swines flesh do presume to eat.

Said th' Swine that shows that *Vener* doth us love,  
 For towards us she's harmless as a dove;  
 When other creatures she doth kill and slay,  
 Touch one of us none of her Clergy may.

Mor.

*By this a mighty Orator is writ,  
 What makes against him he makes on his side.*

F A B. 78.

*Of the Sow and the Bitch.*

A Sow and Bitch time was, had great content,  
 Which of them two should go for fruitfulness,  
 All creatures I excell in fruitfulness  
 Said the Proud Bitch, be humble ne're the less  
 Said the grave Swine, and call it to thy mind  
 Though thou hast many whelps, they're all born blind,

Mor.

*Who so is proud of anything's a noddy,  
 There is enough to humble every body;  
 Too suddain things prove to be little worth,  
 The hasty bitch blind Puppies doth bring forth.*

F A B. 79.

*Of the Serpent and the Crab.*

A Serpent and a Crab did enter League,  
 The Crab the Serpent found full of intrigue  
 The Crab was plain would had the Serpent so,  
 Advis'd him to it but it would not do:  
 As well may weavers weave without a shuttle,  
 As Serpents serpents be, and not be subtle.  
 He could not for his life but turn and wind,  
 And thereupon when him the Crab did find

Asleep

Asleep, he crucht him till he crucht him dead,  
 Saying, these brains of thine shall cost thy head;  
 Streight as an arrow then he was stretcht out,  
 And thereupon the Crab gave him this shout:  
 If living thou hadst been as streight as now,  
 Thou hadst been living till, I know not how  
 It comes to pass thou'rt never streight till dead,  
 If living thou'dst been so, thou'dst sav'd thy head.

Mor.

*Serpentine tricks do put men in a chase  
 (When known,) some are less subile and more safe;  
 They who to other men are cunning foet,  
 By them are oft destroy'd by down right blows.*

F A B. So.

*Of the Shepherd and the Wolf.*

**A** Shepherd a new litter'd wolf did find,  
 Him with his dogs to breed it was his mind;  
 When 'twas grown up if th' wolf a sheep had caught,  
 With th' dogs against the wolf he would have fought;  
 But if the wolf did happen to out run  
 The dogs, his company he would not shun.  
 But with the wolf he would go cheak by joal,  
 Hoping for to take part of what he stole;  
 Then to the dogs he would come back again,  
 And if he found that they had nothing ta'ne  
 He'd get a sheep, and eat it with a dog,  
 (For though he was a wolf he was no hog  
 To eat his meat alone) the Shepherd knew  
 After that time, what he had wont to do;  
 The conscious wolf thought he would only bang him,  
 But th' Shepherd in conclusion did hang him.

Mor.

Mor.

Who both with dogs and wolfs keep company,  
 With dogs pursuing wolves, and wolfs that fly  
 Too fast for dogs eat sheep, which wolfs do take,  
 And feasts of sheep themselves have stale do make;  
 How they come by it do not care a button,  
 But come by't how they can they will have mutton:  
 It is no matter if their fates shall be,  
 To end their days upon the triple tree;  
 He acted like a wolf till he did die,  
 Though bred with dogs, for nature will not lye.

F A B. 81.

## Of the Lion and the Wolf.

**W**hen th' king of beasts was sick, the wolf did mind  
 Him, that all creatures but the Fox were kind;  
 And had made visits to him, he alone  
 In all his time of sickness, had made none.  
 The Fox was nigh, and heard himself accus'd,  
 Apologiz'd and said he was abus'd:  
 They had no cause of him for to complain,  
 He said, for none such pains as he had ta'en.  
 Running from one Physician to another  
 For his advice, as werr't to save a brother;  
 At length a Sovereign medicine I have found,  
 Which to your health may very much redound:  
 Sweet Fox said th' Lion, tell me that Receipt,  
 To thee I'll be as thankful as is meet;  
 Take a live wolf, forthwith pull off his skin,  
 When 'ts warm, be pleas'd to put thy self therein:  
 Then the Fox sneer'd at th' wolf, and thus he said,  
 Take heed how you hereafter folks upbraid.

Mor.

Mor.

*'Tis common for to see them go to pot,  
Who against others did design and plot.*

FAB. 82.

*Of the Woman.*

**A** Certain woman was in great distress,  
Did much bewail her husbands drunkenness;  
Finding him once dead drunk, upon her back  
Shee took him, though he almost made it crack:  
And to a place where folks were buried  
She carried him, good reason, he was dead.  
In a dead sleep at least, 'twas no strange story,  
Therefore to lay him in a Dormitory:  
At the door of the vault next day she knock'd,  
Whence he could not get out for it was lock'd;  
Who's there said he? One brings meat for the dead,  
Said she, and those who here are buried:  
We're dry as dust said he, meat without drink  
Is but cold comfort, for dead men I think:  
Hearing him talk of drink his wife took on,  
Said th' grave its self won't mend him, I'm undone.

Mor.

*Who drinks with's breath (we some such proverb have)  
It will befall him to cough in his grave;  
If that can be a Taper I aver,  
Will call for drink when in his Sepulchre  
To a great custome every mans a slave,  
And will go nigh to carry it to his grave.*

FAB.

*Of the Swan.*

**A**Ll some mens Geefe are Swans, but one kept both,  
 Swans flesh and Geefe their voice who does not,  
 He kept the Swans to sing, Geefe for his table; (loath'd)  
 Drew a Swan for a Goose, not being able  
 In a dark night to know, one from the other  
 (When nights are dark as pitch who knows his brother  
 Until he hear him speak?) the Swan to kill  
 Taking him for a Goose he meant, fulfill  
 His purpose he did not, for why the Swan  
 Sang as melodiously as any man:  
 (Thinking his death was near) so, death did fly  
 'Twas plain, no Goose could make such melody.

Mor.

*Some by their musick have escaped death,  
 And so by spending, they have sav'd their breath.*

*Of the Blackmore.*

**O**Ne bought a black thinking to make him white,  
 Thought 'twas ill keeping made him look like night,  
 He wash'd, and scrub'd and rub'd him every day,  
 Supposing he was made of as white clay  
 As other men, but found himself deceiv'd,  
 Blackness in Blackmores can not be retriev'd.

Mor.

*As well may you make day of what is night,  
 As wash a Blackmore till that he be white:  
 Whilst you use water, is your Art will foil,  
 Though better colours might be laid in oil:*

O

Nature

Nature, attempts to change it, doth defie;  
As interest, so nature will not lie.

F A B. 85.

## Of the Swallow and the Crow.

**A** Swallow and a Crow, had great contest  
In point of beauty, which of them was best;  
Wee'r not so black as Crows, the world can tell,  
The Swallow said, though we in chimneys dwell:  
The Crow as proud as black, said 'tis my duty  
For to be pleas'd, I have a holding beauty.  
And tell the Swallow, it doth not become her  
To brag, whose beautie's gone as soon as summer.

Mor.

Away with toys that soon are gone and past,  
Give me those good things which will hold and last.

F A B. 86.

## Of the Owl.

**A** Bat to th' owl did give an ugly check,  
Out of a window that hung by the neck;  
Sir Owl said he, I hope it is no treason,  
Of your night singing for to ask the reason:  
Seeing that you are silent all day long,  
And make no noise as if you had no tongue.  
In times of yo're said he, I sang by day,  
But by so doing did my self betray  
To great disasters, made me fly the light,  
And ever since I use to sing by night:  
You should have us'd day into night to turn  
Said th' Bat, e're you your fingers so did burn.

Mor.



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Mor.

*Dangers betimes we must anticipate,  
'Tis folly to use means when 'tis too late,  
When so it is an Owl hangs by the neck,  
'Tis then too late to's follies to give check.*

F A B. 87.

*Of the Cockles.*

**W**Hen one was roasting Cockles by the fire,  
As he did rule the roast, he did admire  
To hear them chirp, are you there with your bears  
Said he? what chirp and fire about your ears?

Mor.

*What the boy said to th' Cockles is good reason,  
For nought's well done that is done out of season.*

F A B. 88.

*Of the Witch.*

**A** Certain witch there was so proud and pert,  
She undertook Gods wrath for to avert;  
(In spite of her folks might have gone to pot,  
Devils were her familiars, God was not)  
Many strange things she did by spells and charms,  
Sometimes procur'd sometimes prevented harms:  
Her own she could not, was condemn'd to die  
As witches use to be, and could not fly;  
She had her Imps, but could not imp her wings,  
Whereby for to escape those fatal things;  
Which did hang over her unhappy head,  
The next news was by th' halter she was dead:  
As she went to't you frustrate Gods decrees?  
(Said one) you can't avert man's purposes.

O 2

Mor.

*There's mighty odds this Fable serves to shew,  
Twixt what some say and what those folks can do.*

F A B. 89.

*Of the Travellers.*

**A** Stwo were travelling upon the road,  
Fortune an Axe on one of them bestow'd;  
I've found an Axe said he, say we have found  
An axe his fellow said, that did redound  
Unto his disadvantage as he thought,  
His fellow Traveller should go halves for nought.  
Soon after there did come a hue and cry,  
Charg'd him that found the axe with felony;  
Then the Axe-finder said we are undone,  
Do not say we said t' other, thou alone  
Didst find, and take the Axe, it will not do  
For to cry we, better one smart than two.

Mor.

*This for a certain rule is always ta'ne,  
They won't go half in loss that don't in gain.*

F A B. 90.

*Of the two Frogs.*

**T**WO Frogs were feeding, one in a deep pond,  
Who of the other Frog seem'd very fond  
Which in a small plash fed, on the high way  
Come over to my pond said she, I say:  
That is more safe, there comes no cart nor coach,  
Which may endanger you by its approach;  
At her advice she would not change her plash,  
Then came a waggon crusht her all to mash.

(Mor.)

Mor.

*Some have an eager love to their own home,  
There they'l encounter mischief if it come ;  
Homes home though homely as the proverb says,  
Frogs will keep there if bred in the high ways :  
Who gives us good advice makes us his debitor,  
But some will never change though for the better.*

F A B. 91.

*Of the Bee-master.*

**O**Ne that kept Bees to be out of the way  
Occasion had, whilst he from home did stay  
There came some liquorish thieves, and rob'd the Hives,  
The master mourn'd like men that loose their wives ;  
At his return into the hives did look,  
Whose empty cells him with great sorrow struck :  
Stung him almost to death, made him cry out  
You Bees ? you Wasps, pray how came this about  
You let him go who honey came to steal ?  
On me your friend yo've rais'd a woful wheal  
Or blister, like an Epispastick plaster,  
Although you know full well I am your master.

Mor.

*Great mischief comes of too much jealousy,  
Never suspect when you can's show cause why.*

F A B. 92.

*Of the Kings Fisher.*

**A** Melancholy sort of Birds there be  
Kings-Fishers call'd, which do dwell in the Sea :  
(No wonder if those birds be male-content  
That never are in their own element)

O 3

For

For fear of being caught they build their nest  
In Rocks, and fly to Sea lest they be prest;  
Upon a high Rock one of them brought forth  
Her young, but found that refuge nothing worth:  
For though so near the firmament they lay,  
A swelling Sea did sweep them all away;  
When she saw that, how did she rage and curse,  
Saying I fear'd the land, but th' Sea is worse.

Mor.

*Who trust and fear transpose, come to such ends,  
There are who trust their foes, and fear their friends.*

F A B. 93.

*Of the Fisherman.*

**A** Fisherman encompass'd had a stream  
With his Spread-Net, on every side 't should seem  
Then plung'd the waters with a huge stone,  
To scare the Fish, he might catch every one;  
Whilst they fly from this danger they will fall  
Into my net thought he, I shall have all.  
He made one down right angry who liv'd near,  
That he should mud the waters which were clear;  
He could have no clear waters with his meat,  
I must or mud the waters, or not eat  
The Fisherman repli'd, the fish to slaughter  
There's no such fishing as in troubled water.

Mor.

*In peace some cannot live they long for war,  
Such Fishermen Souldiers of fortune are;  
Some promote factions you must understand,  
They must divide or they cannot command;  
Some long for broils whom interest doth inflame,  
As boys for winds, that they may wind-falls have.*

F A B.

*Of the Ape and the Dolphin.*

Sailers had wont to carry Apes to Sea,  
 That merry in their voyage they might be;  
 One sailing with an Ape was sadly wrackt;  
 His tackling and his Vessel hugely crackt:  
 The Passengers to save their lives did swim,  
 As for the Ape what shall become of him?  
 His master thought, but he at the same rate  
 With others swam, (can all things imitate)  
 A loving Dolphin (see how he mistook)  
 Upon him as a little man did look.  
 Be pleas'd said he to get upon my back,  
 Since other ways for to escape you lack:  
 Since of mankind, you may my help command,  
 I doubt not but to bring you safe to land.  
 Said he to *Athen* do you appertain?  
 Then th' Ape himself did an *Athenian* feign;  
 Nobly descended, when that he said so  
 Good Sir, said he *Pyraeum* do you know?  
*Pyraeum* was a road for ships, but he  
*Pyraeum* thought some Nobleman to be.  
 Then said the Ape my good acquaintance is  
*Pyraeum*, and my noble friend I wiss;  
 'Twas a loud lye, the Dolphin knew 'twas so,  
 A lye won't choak thee, what the Sea can do  
 I'll try the Dolphin said, duckt him ith' Sea,  
 Forthwith as dead as a drown'd mouse was he.

Mor.

*Some shallow men think others to deceive  
 More knowing than themselves, whom make believe*

Their lies they never can, when found to ape  
 What they are not, they hardly do escape  
 Their utmost fury, who hate to be cheated  
 An Ape when known will like an ape be treated.  
 Fain would an Ape seem an Athenian  
 One while, another while a noble man;  
 But ten to one some great absurdity,  
 Will bring to light his gross hypocrisie.

F A B. 95.

## Of Mercury and the Statuary.

**H**OW men esteem'd him Mercury would know,  
 Desir'd a Statuary him to show;  
 Jove's Statue, and how he could it afford?  
 'Twould cost a groat he told him, at a word:  
 How rate you Juno's Statue, next said he?  
 He said that that would something dearer be.  
 But all this while Mercury was not known,  
 Because in humane shape, not in his own;  
 Then he did ask how sell you Mercury  
 His Statue? thereunto he did reply  
 Only the price I ask'd before, shall do't  
 Pay me for t'other two, take that to boot.

Mor.

Thus it doth oft vain glorious men befall,  
 They get no credit whilst they fly at all,  
 Who vie with Jove and Juno and so forth,  
 Find others think them persons of no worth.

F A B.

F A B. 96.

*Of Mercury and Tiresias.*

**F**Or a great Prophet old *Tiresias* went,  
 And therefore *Mercury* to try him meant;  
 In order thereunto he stole his Cow,  
 When that was gone, he'd see if he knew how.  
 Came to his house after that he had stole  
 His Cow, and seem'd his loss for to condole:  
*Tiresias* meant to conjure for his Cows,  
 When *Mercury* it was his lot to house;  
 He made it his request to *Mercury*,  
 For to afford him his good company;  
 Then out they went together to espy,  
 What they could learn by the birds which did fly:  
 A flying Eagle *Mercury* did see,  
 That nought *Tiresias* affirm'd to be;  
 Then *Mercury* to see a Crow pretended,  
 Look'd up and down her motion never ended:  
*Tiresias* said, that Crow did swear by *Jove*,  
 By all things here below, and all above  
 That after all his fruitless toyl and pain,  
 If *Mercury* pleas'd his Cows would come again.

Mor.

*The Moral of this Fable in my mind  
 Is like our Proverb they that hide can find.*

F A B. 97.

*Of the Dogs.*

**O**Ne had a brace of dogs, kept one to hunt,  
 T' other to keep the house, he was as sprunt

As th' Hunter was, if on a prey he light,  
 He that kept house had always half of it;  
 This made the hunter grumble in his gizzard,  
 And thus he said, although he was no wizzard  
 You must not blame me, but must blame my master,  
 He bred you Caterer, me only Taster.

Mor.

Some guilty are of too great toleration  
 In breeding youth, spoil by their education  
 Let some keep home, and yet devour the meat,  
 Which others work for, they shan't work but eat.

F A B. 98.

*Of the Husband and his wife.*

**O**NE had a wife did always disagree,  
 With every body in his family;  
 And thereupon he did resolve to try,  
 How with her fathers house she could comply  
 And there he pleas'd to stay, she soon came back,  
 Too soon for him, said he, what did you lack?  
 That at your fathers house you could not stay?  
 She said the Shepherds frowns drove her away;  
 Methinks for them quietly live you might,  
 Said he thei're ne're at home but morn and night;  
 If long of Shepherds there you could not stay,  
 With whom will you be quiet all the day.

Mor.

By little things great things are oft made known,  
 That she of Shepherds frowns did make such moan;  
 They seldome come in sight, and are like sheep  
 Before their masters, that she could not keep  
 Her self from their affronts, it was a sign  
 She was a Scold, tis well she was not thine:



*Who with their own Relations can't agree;  
Ne're tell me that those folks good nature'd be.*

F A B. 99.

*Of the Goat and the Wolf.*

**A** Kid alone, whom all the Flock forsook  
A wolf espied, and that advantage took  
To seize upon him, thinking that for gloves  
His skin should go, besought him of all loves  
That he might hear him pipe, e're he did die,  
He was dispos'd to suffer merrily.  
Content said he, I'll pipe and you shall dance,  
Towards your Goat-ship I'll so far advance,  
E're he put up his Pipes the dogs did hear  
Wolves musick, came and said, what are you there?  
As now you pipe, so we will make you dance,  
And if they seiz'd him not, 'twas a great chance,  
Her knows, said th' wolf, the Goat doth justly wipe her,  
I was a Cook by trade, and I turn'd Piper.

Mor.

*This little hint may many folks befrend,  
Who change their trades misfortunes do attend.*

F A B. 100.

*Of the Flies.*

**Y**our Flies and Wasps have a great love for honey,  
No less than Usurers themselves for money;  
No wonder wasps are wasps, sweet things do breed,  
Choller they say, and they will not take heed:  
Some body did great store of honey spill,  
Then came the Flies and did their bellies fill.

When

When they had ate so long as they could eat,  
 Sowr sawce they had at last to their sweet meat;  
 As had it Birdlime been they stuck in honey,  
 Could not get out their feet for love or money;  
 And then the flies like meat which Flies do puff,  
 Swell'd and were forthwith in a grievous huff;  
 What cautious person would not fear to eat?  
 Say they we die only for one meals meat.

Mor.

*No wonder if intemperance kill a fly,  
 How many men have di'd by gluttony?  
 'Tis an experiment too often tri'd,  
 If meat make feet to stick, drink makes 'em slide.*

F A B. 101.

*Of the Crab and the Fox.*

**A** Crab belonging to the Sea, did feed  
 Upon the land, a Fox of Fish had need-  
 And lov'd them well, upon the Crab did seize  
 So serv'd, he found himself in little ease:  
 And said, now I have wrong'd my self, not he  
 That I a Sea-crab, would a Land-Crab be.

Mor.

*Folks oft times see great cause for to lament,  
 With their own stations, they were not content.*

F A B. 102.

*Of Thieves.*

**S**OME Thieves that came to steal met with a Cock,  
 Let me alone said he, I am a clock  
 Or an alarm, tell how time does goe,  
 That when to rise the men and maids may know

Said

Said he, wheresoever I meet Cocks I'll take them,  
I would have people sleep and they do wake them.

Mor.

*For doing good ill people others curse,  
From them by how much better they fare worse.*

F A B. 103.

*Of the Harper.*

**A** Bungling Harper sung within a house,  
And though his singing were not worth a louse  
The echo of the place made him so err,  
He thought himself fit for a Theatre:  
There he presum'd to sing until I wiss,  
Him down from thence the company did hiss.

Mor.

*Men of themselves too oft false measures take,  
Meer Rhetoricians will not Consuls make;  
They whom fames echo bath cri'd up for puns  
Ish' Schools, ish' world may prove no mighty Dons.*

F A B. 104.

*Of the Crow and the Raven.*

**R** Ravens could prophesie, but Crows could not,  
The envying Crow would croak, though she had not  
The gift of Augury, to make believe  
She was an *Augur* too, so did deceive  
Some Passengers a while, who rode that way,  
Who cry'd, Prophetick Raven cries, let's stay;  
They laugh'd when they esp'd it was a crow,  
Said, she of Divination nought doth know.

Mor.

Mor.

*None more ridiculous deserve to be,  
Then vain pretenders unto Prophecie.*

F A B. 105.

*Of the Crow and the Dog.*

**A** Crow did to *Minerva* sacrifice,  
She seem'd devout, but she was not so wise  
To make a dog her ghest, he her devotion  
Did but deride, would fill her with this notion  
That her *Minerva* hated perfectly,  
And would from her allow no Augury;  
It may be so, said th' Crow, but know my ends  
In sacrificing, are to make her friends.

Mor.

*If God be angry men must not make bold,  
(As who should say they'd spight him) to withhold  
Their Sacrifice, but offer it the rather  
Thereby to pacifie an angry father:  
Some give the Fable thus, some counsel wise  
For Lucre's sake, will serve their enemies.*

F A B. 106.

*Of the Raven and the Serpent.*

**A** Hungry Raven saw a sleeping snake,  
And it for his repast made bold to take;  
To overcome a Serpent by a flighe  
Is a rare case, e're they'l be bit they'l bite:  
He bit him till he made his teeth to meet,  
If Ravens fight with them Serpents will beat;  
Then said the Raven, I thought I had won  
A treasure, but thereby I am undone.

Mor.

Let him be counted filly without measure,  
Who ventureth his life for a small treasure.

F A B. 107.

Of the Jack-daw, and the Pigeon.

A Jack-daw saw the Pigeons were well fed  
In their Dove-house, he thinking to have sped  
Like one of them, turn'd himself purely white  
Whilst he could hold his peace, they did not fight  
With him, believing that he was a Pigeon,  
But when in chattering he play'd the wigeon  
They thrust him out, he to the Jack-daws went,  
With a Flea in his ear, they him back sent  
Not knowing him, for he had chang'd his hue;  
Jack would be Jack on both sides; 'twould not doe.

Mor.

In point of pollicy he's a meer wigeon,  
That will be sometimes Jack-daw, sometimes Pigeon.

F A B. 108.

Of the Jack-daw.

O Ne took a Jack-daw e'd him with a string,  
And gave him to his son as a fine thing  
For boys to play withal, he soon got loose  
But for so doing found he was a Goose;  
For why the string about his legs did dangle,  
In the boughs of his nest did so entangle  
him, he could not get out, then cri'd alas!  
Th' company of men I happier was;  
Of which I was impatient, but now  
Here I am like to die e'd to a bough.

Mor.

Mor.

Some haue't the wit to know that they are well,  
Till them, that they are worse, Experience tell.

F. A. B. 109.

Of Mercury.

**B**Y Jupiters appointment Mercury  
Had a Receipt for to compound a lye;  
Apothecary-like, for tradesmens use  
He did it well, committed no abuse:  
He dose'd 'em all alike, and gave to none  
More of the Medicine than to every one;  
Only one sort of Tradesmen were omitted  
At the first distribution, they were fitt'd  
At length, as well as any of the rest,  
Who were last serv'd did happen to fare best.  
(If that were best) the Taylors they had most,  
E'ne all was left, so they were double dose'd

Mor.

What doth belong to the main company  
Of Taylors, I don't know, some will not lye  
I do believe, there are who them envy,  
And tell us that they have an evil eye;  
'Tis harder for to fill their eye, than belly,  
If you will trust what angry people tell you:  
Be thou impartial and thou must say then,  
There's but the shears, 'twixt them and other men.

F. A. B. 110.

Of Jupiter.

Jove all Affections had plac'd in men;  
Save only shame, at a great stand was then,

How

How he might get in shame, goe in the crowd  
 Said he, to shame, the answer he him aloud  
 I'll not go in, unless love leave the rout,  
 If love come in, be sure I will come out.

Mor.

*He speaks of love, but I think he means lust,  
 Where that takes place depart from folks shame must;  
 If that of lust (as I do think) was meant,  
 'Tis a plain case that whores are impudent.*

F A B. 110.

*Of Jupiter.*

**W**hen to Joves Wedding all invited were,  
 He saw that Tortoloses came latest there;  
 Would know the reason why, my house said he  
 I dearly love, and there would choose to be;  
 Thinks he your house do you so dearly love,  
 As to think much for to attend on Jove  
 At such a time as this, since such thou art,  
 Saith he thy house and thou shalt never part.

Mor.

*'Tis to some people death to go from home,  
 In wise them e're so oft they'l never come;  
 They are the best who so extremes ne'r swerv'd,  
 Some are too open, others too reserv'd.*

F A B. 111.

*Of the wolf and the Sheep.*

**A** Wolf was bit by dogs, and hunger-bit  
 At the same time, when on a sheep he light  
 Was passing by, a cup of drink he pray'd  
 The Sheep to help him to, as for meat, said

P

He'd

He'd help himself, the sheep at his intent  
 Gave a shrewd guess, to feed on him he meant;  
 To part with drink, I would not care a button,  
 Said he, but thou seek'st me, for thou lov'st mutton.

Mor.

*Some have the confidence to ask a boon  
 Of us, whereby our selves may be undone;  
 They must drink if they eat, and would so cheat us,  
 To make us give them drink, that they may eat us.*

F A B 112.

*Of the Hares.*

**T**He Hares would war with Eagles and the Fox,  
 To aid them, they were in great hopes to coax;  
 With all his heart he said, but that he knew  
 What Hares were, and with whom they had to do.

Mor.

*Wish much thy betters, whosoe'er thou art,  
 Encountrest, wise folks ne'er will take thy part;  
 Foxes to help weak sides, too cunning were,  
 Excus'd themselves, there went away the Hare.*

F A B. 113.

*Of the Pismire.*

**T**Hey which are Pismires now, were Husbandmen  
 In days of yo're, and took no small pains then  
 To till the earth, but thievishly inclin'd,  
 And rob'd folks grounds, which made Jove in the mind  
 For to dethrone them from their former bliss,  
 And make them Ants by *Metempsychosis*.  
 Yet still they do retain the thieving trade,  
 And by no means to leave it can be made.

Yet



Yet filch and steal from the plow'd grounds they will,  
 As lawful prize convey it to their bill.  
 To shafe themselves Pains-takers seldome give,  
 Yet some take pains to steal, as some to live  
 In a just way, a Miserable honest gains  
 Content him not, these must eake out his pains  
 Shapes don't change natures, be a thief a man,  
 Or but an Ant, he'll steal still if he can.

## F A B. 114.

## Of the Bat and the Weasel.

**A** Falling Bat was by a Weasel took,  
 Who told him plainly that he could not brook  
 Him, who a bird, was the birds enemy  
 To his own kind a traytor, he should die;  
 Seeing the Weasel at the top oth' house,  
 The Bat cri'd quarter, said he was a mouse  
 'Twas but his kind so birds to love (or hate)  
 As he could eat them (mice are delicate)  
 That said she let him go, but by and by  
 He fell again, then as an enemy  
 To all the mice, another weasel seize  
 Him did, whom thus he labour'd to appease  
 I am no mouse said he, I am a bat,  
 A bird loves mice no better than a Cat;  
 Then go thy way said she, since that I find  
 Thou hatest none, but them that hate thy kind;  
 Thus shifting of his name, once and again,  
 He did escape, or else he had been slain.

## MOR.

If Bats be partly birds, and partly mice,  
 I think that they may say with good advice

When questioned as birds, that mice they be,  
 That they are birds, when danger they do see;  
 In saying they are mice, they may choose whether  
 They'll call themselves, but must not say they're neither.  
 If they be Interpendents, no ill fame  
 Attends it, if they choose the safer name:  
 So Dutchman say not he's no Christian man,  
 Let him say that he's a Batavian.

F A B. 115.

*Of the Travellers.*

SOME Travellers walking on the Sea-side,  
 Did go into a Cave to watch the tide;  
 At a great distance they some boughs did see,  
 Floating, and thought them a great Ship to be:  
 When they came nearer thought 'em but a boat,  
 When 'twas hard by they soon did change their note,  
 And saw them only tops of trees to be,  
 Wonder'd it was but that which they did see.

Mor.

Some things and persons do astonish all,  
 That they should seem so great, and prove so small;  
 By some folks looks they who their worth would ken,  
 Would think them more, when they are less than men.

F A B. 116.

*Of the wild Ass.*

A Tame Ass by a wild Ass envi'd was,  
 He saw at length for it there was no cause;  
 For he was fat and fed in sunny place,  
 He thought he liv'd at ease, bade me an acc

Of that, he quickly saw he burthens bore,  
 Would tire a horse, was beaten evermore.  
 I cease to envy thy felicity,  
 Said he, 'tis mixt with so much misery.

Mor.

*Gold may be bought too dear, if some mens pains,  
 And cares, were known, theres none would grudge their gains.*

F A B. 117.

*Of the Asses.*

**A** Sses are sensible of too much load;  
 To ease their burthens, *Jupiter* they woo'd;  
 He said it should be done, so soon as he  
 Could find them pifs so much as makes a Sea :  
 Hence 'tis, if one Ass pifs, the rest do stale  
 There, thinking that in time it will prevail.

Mor.

*If care be taken, wise folks may be pleas'd,  
 That's all, for Asses sure are never eas'd;  
 Upon some promises they may rely,  
 Which are intended nought to signifie.*

F A B. 118.

*Of the Ass and the Fox.*

**A** N Ass by chance had found a Lyons skin,  
 And put it on, was still an Ass within  
 And could not hold his peace, he every beast  
 Had frighted, but the Fox, that was the jeast:  
 He had been frighted too, but he did say  
 Thou'rt Lyon but skin-deep, I heard thee bray.

Mor.

Mor.

Who hears them bray, cries you there with your beards?  
 Asses have too long tongues, as well as ears;  
 If fools could hold their tongues, they might have trophies,  
 Erected to their names, and pass for Soppies.

F A B. 119.

## Of the Ass and the Frogs.

**A**N Ass drew Timber in a moorish ground,  
 There to keep on his legs, 'twas hard he found  
 He slip'd, and fell, and could not rise again,  
 Then he began most sadly to complain:  
 When him the Frogs so much cast down did see,  
 What if you had been here so long as we:  
 (Said they) you many a fair fall had had,  
 Had our time been so short, we should be glad.

Mor.

At every Flea-bite: some folks use to vex,  
 A hundred times so much will not perplex  
 Some patient folks, great Asses grum like bogs,  
 For trifles more's well born by little frogs.

F A B. 120.

## Of the Ass and the Raven.

**A** Gall-back'd Ass did in a meadow graze,  
 To him a Raven came, his business was  
 His sores not for to lick, but for to peck;  
 The driver of the Ass gave him no check  
 For doing so, but laugh'd as he lick'd on;  
 A Wolf saw him, and did descant thereupon:  
 Woe to poor wolves, said he, if you them take,  
 Who of that Ass a laughing-flock do make:

Though

Though he be your own carrier and in pain;  
It shall go hard if ever I be ta'ne.

Mor.

*Wise folks can spy great things in a small glass,  
If but a driver laugh at his poor Ass;  
Pecke by a Raven, and in misery,  
See, he'l do worse things to an enemy.*

F A B. 121.

*Of the Fox and the Ass.*

**I**Nto a League a Fox and Ass did enter,  
And the Ass with the Fox to hunt did venture;  
When Fox and Ass do meet 'tis Fox and Goose,  
The Ass was hamper'd he could not get loose:  
For when a Lyon met them two together,  
The Fox contriv'd how to make all fair weather  
On his own side, in order thereunto  
My Partner shall be yours, let me but go,  
Sir Reynard said, drew th' Ass into a net,  
Hoping by that himself scot-free to get:  
Now of the Ass the Lion said I'm sure,  
Have at the Fox, treachery who can endure?

Mor.

*They who to save themselves betray their friends,  
Themselves do often come to the same ends.*

F A B. 122.

*Of the Hen and the Swallow.*

**U**Pon a Serpents eggs a Hen did sit,  
A Swallow told her that it was not fit  
To hatch those eggs, from them great enemies  
Unto her self hereafter would arise.

P 4

Mor.

Mor.

*All natur'd persons have those qualities,  
 Mischief they will return for courtesies ;  
 Some eggs tis best to cast into the Fakes,  
 Whate'r you do, be sure you ne're hatch snakes :  
 Always take heed upon what egg you sit,  
 Lest it so prove there be a snake in it.*

F A B. 123.

*Of the Camel.*

**V**Hen that a mighty Camel first appear'd,  
 By all the other creatures he was fear'd ;  
 Lest them to th' tower on his back he should send,  
 Unto his pleasure all beaſts did attend :  
 When they drew near they ſaw that he was tame,  
 Said that his looks and nature wan't the ſame.  
 Into his quiet mouth they put a bridle,  
 Thought that ſo ſtout a beaſt ſhould not be idle ;  
 Then bid the boys to lead him up and down,  
 Made him a perfect ſcorn to all the town.

Mor.

*Who appear much, from ſlights are not exempt,  
 Familiarity doth breed contempt ;  
 The Perſian kings are thought of greater might  
 Far than they are, cauſe they ne're come in ſight.*

F A B. 124.

*Of the Serpent.*

**A** Snake complain'd to Jove that every body  
 Trampled upon him, were you ſuch a noddys,  
 Said he, as not to ſting him who trod firſt ?  
 If ſo, none other trod upon you durſt ;

You

You might defend your self, and not complain,  
A worm if trod upon, will turn again.

Mor.

*Revenge is naught, but duly to resent  
Injuries at first, may help for to prevent  
The like for time to come, make the first smart,  
And by so doing more secure thou art.*

F A B. 125.

*Of the Pigeon.*

**A** Thirsty Pigeon saw a Water-pot  
Painted upon a wall, and was so hot  
Upon the business, for to drink in it,  
Such haste he made, that he his wings did split  
Against a post, having done so did lye  
Upon the ground, a prey to them came by.

Mor.

*For to think of that Proverb oft we need,  
More haste folks make, the worse they use to speed.*

F A B. 126.

*Of the Pigeon and the Crow.*

**A** Dove in a dove-coat was greatly proud,  
That she was fruitful, but the Crow aloud  
Unto the Dove did call, good Pigeon peace,  
Boast not of what thy sorrows doth increase.

Mor.

*A Pigeon may rejoyce in what doth let her  
From breeding, for the fewer slaves the better;  
Pigeons are slaves and all their young ones such,  
Better a little slavery than much,*

F A B.

*Of the Rich man.*

**A** Man of quality two daughters had,  
 When one was dead, no person seem'd so sad  
 As a poor woman that was hir'd to mourn,  
 'Twas customary mourners to suborn;  
 The daughter that surviv'd, said to her mother,  
 More than our selves, why mourn should any other?  
 She was your daughter, and she was my sister,  
 We of all folks methinks should most have mist her;  
 And so we do, her mother said again,  
 But 'tis their trade to whine and to complain:  
 They do it meerly profit to advance,  
 'Tis but the copy of their countenance.

Mor.

*'Tis usual for Art for to out-vie  
 Nature, which chooseth mediocrity;  
 How can a woman cry if gain engage her?  
 None cry so much as who cry for a wager.*

*Of the Shepherd.*

**I**Nto a grove of oaks a Shepherd led  
 His flock, and there his sheep with Acorns fed;  
 He spread his coat below, and climb'd the tree,  
 As who should say their Carpet that should be:  
 The hungry sheep as if that they did dote,  
 Besides their Acorns ate the Shepherds coat,  
 (Sheep are a sort of creatures that bite close,  
 Pigs coat's good meat, but mens coat an ill dose)



(So Inns of Court men Students, if not Benchers,  
 Together with their meat do eat their Trenchers : )  
 Then came the Shepherd down, But when his Coat  
 He could not find, set up a doleful note :  
 Who said, (said he,) that they are innocent?  
 That great mistake my usage may prevent :  
 They'l strip their friends and cloath their enemies,  
 And what their meaning is I can't devise ;  
 They will to strangers their own coat resign,  
 I feed them, yet they'l eat the coat that's mine.

Mor.

*It is the way of some, they never mind  
 Who has oblig'd them most, but are unkind  
 To their best friends, but if that strangers lack  
 Will give to them, the coat that's on their back.*

F A B. 129.

*Of the Neat-herd.*

A Neat-herd lost a Calf, offer'd a Kid A  
 To Jove to tell him where the thief was hid  
 And let him see his face, a Lion Jove  
 Caus'd him to lee, lodg'd in an oaken Grove  
 And said, he ate your Kid, what say you to him?  
 He then affraid the Lion would undo him,  
 Said, let me see his face no more, and I  
 A Bull to Jove will offer by and by.

Mor.

*Forward and backward some folks do complain,  
 Wish this and that, and then unwish again ;  
 They are not well when full, and worse when fasting,  
 Still mischief'd are by changes everlasting ;  
 Fish would be in the net, but when once to be  
 Always think long for to be out again.*

F A B.

F A B. 130.

*Of the Eagle.*

**T**He King of Birds was got upon a Rock,  
Thinking to catch a Hare, but caught a knock  
With a broad Arrow, he the feathers saw  
Scruttin'g before his eyes, and then could claw  
Them out, he was so vex'd that dart to see,  
Impt with his wings that would his ruine be.

Mor.

*Friends are our wings, and they should make us fly  
Aloft, if they procure our misery,  
And imp the shaft, which strikes us to the heart,  
'Tis many deaths to die by such a dart.*

F A B. 131.

*Of the Worm and the Fox.*

**A** Lousie worm new crept out of the ground,  
Ith<sup>r</sup> number of Physicians would be found;  
To th' Gods, Physician *Pam* did compare  
Himself (so greatly proud worms sometimes are)  
Thou a Phylician said the Fox, I doubt  
It much, and shall all thy pretensions rout.  
Thou art a Lyar, I believe, like fame,  
Wert thou a Doctor, thou wouldst ne're be lame;  
Who so unskilful, or unkind shall be  
As not to cure himself, will ne're cure me.

Mor.

*To some mens words no heed is to be had,  
They'l crack and vapour as if they were mad;  
There are too many such vain glorious spittles,  
They are great talkers, but they'r meer Doe-littles.*

F A B.

F A B. 132.

*Of the Wolf and the Old woman.*

**A** Skilful nurse whose little child did cry,  
 Desir'd the Infant to goe hush-a-by :  
 Hush, hush, said she, or thee to th' wolf I'll throw,  
 She said that which she never meant to doe ;  
 Wolf had so little wit to think she meant it,  
 He watch'd in hope, and kindly did resent it.  
 Itch' Evening she said, sweet Lamb go sleep,  
 I'll kill the wolf if he chance here to peep ;  
 This woman hath a double tongue, said he,  
 Said first a child, then Death my lot shall be.

Mor.

*A woman double tongu'd men take in snuff,  
 They say one tongue for women is enough ;  
 For every such like Sister there's a brother,  
 Who will say one thing, and will do another.*

F A B. 133.

*Of the Gnat and the Lyon.*

**A** Gnat came to a Lyon and did say  
 I am as strong as thou, try it you may  
 E'ne when you please, though you have paws to rend  
 And teeth to bite, so women to defend,  
 Or else offend, have teeth as well as tongues,  
 And paws to boot, crack not, but spare thy lungs,  
 And show what you can do against *Van-Gnat*,  
 To me a Lyon's no more than a Cat ;  
 I'll sound my Trumpet and we'll go to work,  
 I do not fear the face of the great Turk.

This

(102)  
He said, he made his trumpet sound a battle,  
It made a sound as loud as Babies Rattle;  
Then they went to't, the Gnat stuck check by joal,  
Unto the Lyon, bit him near the hole  
Of his right nostril, where the place was bare,  
For thereabouts it seems there grew no hair:  
Tortur'd the Lyon so with his smart jaws,  
He made him tear himself with his own paws:  
This victory obtain'd, the Gnat did sound  
His Trumpet once again, and did abound  
In triumphs, but oh the chance of a day  
A Spider caught him, as he went away:  
He knew there was no remedy for that,  
But die he must, if Spider catch a Gnat:  
It vext her sore this mischief should betide her,  
Had quel'd a Lyon, must die by a Spider.

Mor.

*Needlesly the least enemy don't try on:  
A Spider may kill him that kill'd a Lyon.*

163.

Of the Gnat and the Lyon.

A Gnat came to a Lyon and did say

My friend, I have a strong reason, why it you may

Know, I have a plot, though you have power to resist

And yet to die, to win it to defend

Quoth the Lyon, have you such a tongue

And thus to say, that you the Lyon

And now what can you say to this

To me, I have no more to say

I found my trumpet and well so to work

I have the face of the great Turk.

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